

# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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FEBRUARY, 1869.

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## That Boy of Norcott's.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### OUR INNER LIFE.



ET me open this chapter with an apology, and I mean it not only to extend to errors of the past, but to whatever similar blunders I may commit hereafter. What I desire to ask pardon for is this: I find in this attempt of mine to jot down a portion of my life, that I have laid a most disproportionate stress on some passages the most insignificant and unimportant. Thus, in my last chapter, I have dwelt unreasonably on the narrative of one day's pleasure, while it may be that a month, or several months, shall pass over with scarcely mention. For this fault—and I do not attempt to deny it is a fault—I have but one excuse. It is this: my desire has been to place before my reader the events, small as they might be, that influenced my life and decided my destiny. Had I not gone to this fête, for instance; had I taken my holiday in some quiet ramble into the hills alone; or had I passed it—as I have passed scores of happy hours—in the solitude of my own room, how different might have been my fate!

We all of us know how small and apparently insignificant are the

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events by which the course of our lives is shapen. A look we catch at parting,—a word spoken that might have passed unheard,—a pressure of the hand that might or might not have been felt, and straightway all our sailing orders are revoked, and instead of north we go south. Bearing this in mind, my reader will perhaps forgive me, and at least bethink him that these things are not done by me through inadvertence, but of intention and with forethought.

"So we are about to part," said Hanserl to me as I awoke and found my old companion at my bedside. "You're the twenty-fifth that has left me," said he, mournfully. "But look to it, Knabe; change is not always betterment."

"It was none of *my* doing, Hanserl; none of *my* seeking."

"If you had worn the grey jacket you wear on Sundays there would have been more of this, lad! I have seen double as many years in the yard as you have been in the world, and none have ever seen me at the master's table or waltzing with the master's daughter."

I could not help smiling, in spite of myself, at the thought of such a spectacle.

"Nor is there need to laugh because I speak of dancing," said he, quickly. "They could tell you up in Kleptowitz there are worse performers than Hans Spöner; and if he is not an Englishman, he is an honest Austrian!" This he said with a sort of defiance, and as if he expected a reply.

"I have told you already, Hans," said I, soothingly, "that it was none of my seeking if I am to be transferred from the yard. I was very happy there—very happy to be with you. We were good comrades in the past, as I hope we may be good friends in the future."

"That can scarcely be," said he, sorrowfully. "I can have no friend in the man I must say 'sir' to. It's Herr Ignaz's order," went he on; "he sent for me this morning, and said, 'Hanserl, when you address Herr von Owen,'—aye, he said Herr von Owen,—'never forget he is your superior; and though he once worked with you here in the yard, that was his caprice, and he will do so no more.'"

"But, Hans, my dear old friend."

"Ja, ja," said he, waving his hand. "'Jetzt ist aus!' It is all over now. Here's your reckoning," and he laid a slip of paper on the bed:—"Twelve gulden for the dinners, three-fifty for wine and beer, two gulden for the wash. There were four kreutzers for the girl with the guitar; you bade me give her ten, but four was plenty,—that makes seventeen-six-and-sixty: and you've twenty-three gulden and thirty-four kreutzers in that packet, and so *Leb wohl!*" and with a short wave of his hand he turned away; but as he left the room I saw that the other hand had been drawn over his eyes, for Hanserl was crying: and I buried my face in the clothes, and sobbed bitterly.

My orders were to present myself at Herr Ignaz's private office by noon. Careful not to presume on what seemed at least a happy turn in

my destiny, I dressed in my every-day clothes, studious only that they should be clean and well brushed.

"I had forgotten you altogether, boy," said Herr Ignaz as I entered the office, and he went on closing his desk and his iron safe before leaving for dinner. "What was it I had to say to you? Can you help me to it, lad?"

"I'm afraid not, sir; I only know that you told me to be here at this hour."

"Let me see," said he, thoughtfully. "There was no complaint against you?"

"None, sir, that I know of."

"Nor have you any to make against old Hanserl?"

"Far from it, sir. I have met only kindness from him."

"Wait, wait, wait," said he. "I believe I am coming to it. It was Sara's doing. Yes, I have it now. Sara said you should not be in the yard; that you had been well brought up and cared for. A young girl's fancy, perhaps. Your hands were white. But there is more bad than good in this. Men should be in the station they're fit for; neither above nor below it. And you did well in the yard; ay, and you liked it?"

"I certainly was very happy there, sir."

"And that's all one strives for," said he, with a faint sigh; "to be at rest,—to be at rest: and why would you change, boy?"

"I am not seeking a change, sir. I am here because you bade me."

"That's true. Come in and eat your soup with us, and we'll see what the girl says, for I have forgotten all about it."

He opened a small door which led by a narrow stair into a back street, and shuffling along, with his hat drawn over his eyes, made for the little garden over the wooden bridge, and to his door. This he unlocked, and then bidding me follow, he ascended the stairs.

The room into which we entered was furnished in the most plain and simple fashion. A small table, with a coarse cloth and some common ware, stood ready for dinner, and a large loaf on a wooden platter occupied the middle. There were but two places prepared; but the old man speedily arranged a third place, muttering to himself the while, but what I could not catch.

As he was thus engaged the Fraulein entered. She was dressed in a sort of brown serge, which, though of the humblest tissue, showed her figure to great advantage, for it fitted to perfection, and designed the graceful lines of her shoulders, and her taper waist to great advantage. She saluted me with the faintest possible smile, and said:—"You are come to dine with us?"

"If there be enough to give him to eat," said the old man, gruffly.

"I have brought him here, however, with other thoughts. There was something said last night—what was it, girl?—something about this lad,—do you remember it?"

"Here is the soup, father," said she, calmly. "We'll bethink us of these things by-and-by." There was a strange air of half command in what she said, the tone of one who asserted a certain supremacy, as I was soon to see she did in the household. "Sit here, Herr von Owen," said she, pointing to my place, and her words were uttered like an order.

In perfect silence the meal went on; a woman-servant entering to replace the soup by a dish of boiled meat, but not otherwise waiting on us, for Sara rose and removed our plates and served us with fresh ones; an office I would gladly have taken from her, and indeed essayed to do, but at a gesture, and a look that there was no mistaking, I sat down again, and unmindful of my presence, they soon began to talk of business matters, in which, to my astonishment, the young girl seemed thoroughly versed. Cargoes of grain for Athens consigned to one house were now to be transferred to some other. There were large orders from France for staves, to meet which some one should be promptly despatched into Hungary. Hemp, too, was wanted for England. There was a troublesome litigation with an Insurance Company at Marseilles, which was evidently going against the House of Oppovich. So unlike was all this the tone of dinner conversation I was used to, that I listened in wonderment how they could devote the hour of social enjoyment and relaxation to details so perplexing and so vulgar.

"There is that affair of the leakage, too," cried Herr Ignaz, setting down his glass before drinking; "I had nigh forgotten it."

"I answered the letter this morning," said the girl, gravely. "It is better it should be settled at once, while the exchanges are in our favour."

"And pay—pay the whole amount!" cried he, angrily.

"Pay it all," replied she, calmly. "We must not let them call us litigious, father. You have *friends* here," and she laid emphasis on the word, "that would not be grieved to see you get the name."

"Twenty-seven thousand gulden!" exclaimed he, with a quivering lip. "And how am I to save money for your dowry, girl, with losses like these?"

"You forget, sir, we are not alone," said she, proudly. "This young Englishman can scarcely feel interested in these details." She arose as she spoke, and placed a few dishes of fruit on the table, and then served us with coffee; the whole done so unobtrusively, and in such quiet fashion as to make her services appear a routine that could not call for remark.

"The *Dalmat* will not take our freight," said he, suddenly. "There is some combination against us there."

"I will look to it," said she, coldly. "Will you try these figs, Herr von Owen? Fiume, they say, rivals Smyrna in purple figs."

"I will have no more to do with figs or olives either," cried out Herr Ignaz. "The English beat you down to the lowest price, and then refuse your cargo for one damaged *crête*. I have had no luck with England."

Unconsciously, I know it was, his eyes turned fully on me as he spoke, and there was a defiance in his look that seemed like a personal challenge.



"He does not mean it for you," said the *Fräulein* gently in my ear, and her voice gained a softness I did not know it possessed.

Perhaps the old man's thoughts had taken a very gloomy turn, for he leaned his head on his hand, and seemed sunk in reverie. The *Fräulein* rose quietly, and beckoning me to follow her, moved noiselessly into an adjoining room. This chamber, furnished a little more tastefully, had a piano, and some books and prints lay about on the tables.

"My father likes to be left alone at times," said she, gravely, "and when you know us better, you will learn to see what these times are." She took up some needle-work she had been engaged on, and sat down on a sofa. I did not well know whether to take my leave or keep her company, and while I hesitated she appeared to read my difficulty, and said,—“You are free, Herr von Owen, if you have any engagement.”

"I have none," said I; then remembering that the speech might mean to dismiss me, I added hastily, "but it is time to go."

"Good-by, then," said she, making me a slight bow; and I went.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE OFFICE.

On the following day the cashier sent for me to say it was Herr Oppovich's wish that I should be attached to some department in the office, till I had fully mastered its details, and then be transferred to another, and so on till I had fully acquainted myself with the whole business of the house. "It's an old caprice of Herr Ignaz's," said he, "which repeated failures have not yet discouraged him with. You're the fifth he has tried to make a supervisor of, and you'll follow the rest."

"Is it so very difficult to learn?" asked I, modestly.

"Perhaps to one of your acquirements it might not," said he, with quiet irony, "but for a slight example: here, in this office, we correspond with five countries in their own languages; yonder, in that room, they talk modern Greek, and Albanian, and Servian; there's the Hungarian group, next that bow-window, and that takes in the Lower Danube; and in what we call the Expeditions department, there are fellows who speak seventeen dialects, and can write ten or twelve. So much for languages. Then what do you say to mastering—since that's the word they have for it—the grain trade from Russia, rags from Transylvania, staves from Hungary, fruit from the Levant, cotton from Egypt, minerals from lower Austria, and woollen fabrics from Bohemia? We do something in all of these, besides a fair share in oak bark and hemp."

"Stop, for mercy's sake!" I cried out. "It would take a lifetime to gain a mere current knowledge of these."

"Then, there's the finance department," said he; "watching the rise and fall of the exchanges, buying and selling gold. Herr Ulrich, in that

office with the blue door, could tell you it's not to be picked up of an afternoon. Perhaps you might as well begin with him; his is not a bad school to take the fine edge off you."

"I shall do whatever you advise me."

"I'll speak to Herr Ulrich, then," said he; and he left me, to return almost immediately, and conduct me within the precincts of the blue door.

Herr Ulrich was a tall, thin, ascetic-looking man, with his hair brushed rigidly back from the narrowest head I ever saw. His whole idea of life was the office, which he arrived at by daybreak, and never left, except to visit the bourse, till late at night. He disliked, of all things, new faces about him; and it was a piece of malice on the cashier's part to bring me before him.

"I believed I had explained to Herr Ignaz already," said he, to the cashier, "that I am not a schoolmaster."

"Well, well," broke in the other, in a muffled voice, "try the lad. He may not be so incompetent. They tell me he has had some education."

Herr Ulrich raised his spectacles, and surveyed me from head to foot for some seconds. "You have been in the yard?" said he in question.

"Yes, sir."

"And is counting oaken staves the first step to learning foreign exchanges, think you?"

"I should say not, sir."

"I know whose scheme this is well enough," muttered he. "I see it all. That will do. You may leave us to talk together alone," said he to the cashier. "Sit down there, lad; there's your own famous newspaper, *The Times*. Make me a *précis* of the money article as it touches Austrian securities and Austrian enterprises; contrast the report there given with what that French paper contains; and don't leave till it be finished." He returned to his high stool as he spoke, and resumed his work. On the table before me lay a mass of newspapers in different languages, and I sat down to examine them with the very vaguest notion of what was expected of me.

Determined to do something—whatever that something might be—I opened *The Times* to find out the money-article; but little versed in journalism, I turned from page to page without discovering it. At last, I thought I should find it by carefully scanning the columns; and so I began at the top and read the various headings, which happened to be those of the trials then going on. There was a cause of salvage on the part of the owners of the *Lively Jane*; there was a disputed ownership of certain dock warrants for indigo, a breach of promise case, and a suit for damages for injuries incurred on the rail. None of these, certainly, were financial articles. At the head of the next column I read: "Court of Probate and Divorce—Mr. Spanks moved that the decree *nisi*, in the suit of Cleremont *v.* Cleremont, be made absolute. Motion allowed. The damages in this suit against Sir Roger Norcott have been fixed at eight thousand five hundred pounds."

From these lines I could not turn my eyes. They revealed nothing, it is

true, but what I knew well must happen ; but there is that in a confirmation of a fact brought suddenly before us, that always awakens deep reflection : and now I brought up before my mind my poor mother, deserted and forsaken, and my father, ruined in character, and, perhaps, in fortune.

I had made repeated attempts to find out my mother's address, but all my letters had failed to reach her. Could there be any chance of discovering her through this suit ? Was it possible that she might have intervened in any way in it ? And, last of all, would this lawyer, whose name appeared in the proceedings, take compassion on my unhappy condition, and aid me to discover where my mother was ? I meditated long over all this, and I ended by convincing myself that there are few people in the world who are not well pleased to do a kind thing which costs little in the doing ; and so I resolved I would write to Mr. Spanks, and address him at the court he practised in. I could not help feeling that it was at a mere straw I was grasping ; but nothing more tangible lay within my reach. I wrote thus :—

“ SIR,—I am the son and only child of Sir Roger and Lady Norcott ; and seeing that you have lately conducted a suit against my father, I ask you, as a great favour, to let me know where my mother is now living, that I may write to her. I know that I am taking a great liberty in obtruding this request upon you ; but I am very friendless, and very little versed in worldly knowledge. Will you let both these deficiencies plead for me ? and let me sign myself,

“ Your grateful servant,

“ DIGBY NORCOTT.

“ You can address me at the house of Hodnig and Oppovich, Fiume, Austria, where I am living as a clerk, and under the name of Digby Owen, —Owen being the name of my mother's family.”

I was not very well pleased with the composition of this letter ; but it had one recommendation, which I chiefly sought for—it was short, and for this reason I hoped it might be favourably received. I read it over and over, each time seeing some new fault, or some omission to correct ; and then I would turn again to the newspaper, and ponder over the few words that meant so much and yet revealed so little. How my mother's position would be affected—if at all—by this decision I could not tell. Indeed, it was the mere accident of hearing divorce discussed at my father's table that enabled me to know what the terms of the law implied. And thus I turned from my letter to the newspaper, and back again from the newspaper to my letter, so engrossed by the theme that I forgot where I was, and utterly forgot all about that difficult task Herr Ulrich had set me. Intense thought and weariness of mind, aided by the unbroken stillness of the place, made me heavy and drowsy. From poring over the paper, I gradually bent down till my head rested on it, and I fell sound asleep.

I must have passed hours thus, for it was already evening when I awoke. Herr Ulrich was about to leave the office, and had his hat on, as he aroused me.

"It is supper time, youngster," said he, laying his hand on my shoulder. "Yes, you may well wonder where you are. What are you looking for?"

"I thought, sir, I had written a letter just before I fell asleep. I was writing here." And I turned over the papers and shook them, tossing them wildly about, to discover the letter, but in vain. It was not there. Could it have been that I had merely composed it in my mind, and never have committed it to paper? but that could scarcely be, seeing how fresh in my memory were all the doubts and hesitations that had beset me.

"I am sure I wrote a letter here," said I, trying to recall each circumstance to my mind.

"When you have finished dreaming, lad, I will lock the door," said he, waiting to see me pass out.

"Forgive me; one moment, sir, only one," cried I, wildly scattering the papers over the table. "It is of consequence to me—what I have written."

"That is if you have written anything," said he, drily.

The grave tone of this doubt determined the conflict in my mind.

"I suppose you are right," said I, "it was a dream." And I arose and followed him out.

As I reached the foot of the stairs I came suddenly on Herr Ignaz and his daughter. It was a common thing for her to come and accompany him home at the end of the day's work, and as latterly he had become much broken and very feeble, she scarcely missed a day in this attention. "Oh, here he is," I heard her say as I came up. What he replied I could not catch, but it was with some earnestness she rejoined,—

"Herr von Owen, my father wishes to say that they have mistaken his instructions regarding you in the office. He never expected you could at once possess yourself of all the details of a varied business; he meant that you should go about and see what branch you would like to attach yourself to, and to do this he will give you ample time. Take a week; take two; a month, if you like." And she made a little gesture of friendly adieu with her hand, and passed on.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### UNWISHED-FOR PROMOTION.

THE morning after this brief intimation I attached myself to that department of the house whose business was to receive and reply to telegraphic messages. I took that group of countries whose languages I knew, and addressed myself to my task in right earnest. An occupation whose chief feature is emergency will always possess a certain interest, but beyond

this there was not anything attractive in my present pursuit. A peremptory message to sell this, or buy that, to push on vigorously with a certain enterprise, or to suspend all action in another, would perhaps form the staple of a day's work. When disasters occurred, too, it was their monetary feature alone was recorded. The fire that consumed a warehouse was told with reference to the amount insured; the shipwreck was related by incidents that bore on the lost cargo, and the damage incurred. Still it was less monotonous than the work of the office, and I had a certain pride in converting the messages—sometimes partly, sometimes totally unintelligible—into language that could be understood, that imparted a fair share of ambition to my labour.

My duty was to present myself, with my book in which I had entered the despatches, each evening, at supper-time, at Herr Ignaz's house. He would be at table with his daughter when I arrived, and the interview would pass somewhat in this wise: Herr Oppovich would take the book from my hands without a word or even a look at me, and the Fraulein, with a gentle bend of the head, but without the faintest show of more intimate greeting, would acknowledge me. She would continue to eat as I stood there, as unmindful of me as though I were a servant. Having scanned the book over, he would hand it across to his daughter, and then would ensue a few words in whisper, after which the Fräulein would write opposite each message some word of reply or of comment such as, "Already provided for," "Further details wanted," "Too late," or such like, but never more than a few words, and these she would write freely, and only consulting herself. The old man—whose memory failed him more and more every day, and whose general debility grew rapidly—did no more than glance at the answers and nod an acceptance of them. In giving the book back to me she rarely looked up, but if she did so, and if her eyes met mine, their expression was cold and almost defiant; and thus, with a slight bend of the head, I would be dismissed.

Nor was this reception the less chilling that, before I had well closed the door, they would be in full conversation again, showing that my presence it was which had inspired the constraint and reserve. These, it might be thought, were not very proud nor blissful moments to me, and yet they formed the happiest incident of my day, and I actually longed for the hour, as might a lover to meet his mistress. To gaze at will upon her pale and beautiful face, to watch the sunlight as it played upon her golden hair, which she wore—in some fashion, perhaps, peculiar to her race—in heavy masses of curls, that fell over her back and shoulders; her hand, too, a model of symmetry, and with the fingers rose-tipped, like the goddesses of Homer, affected me as a spell; and I have stood there unconsciously staring at it till warned by a second admonition to retire.

Perhaps the solitude in which I lived helped to make me dwell more thoughtfully on this daily-recurring interview; for I went nowhere, I associated with no one, I dined alone, and my one brisk walk for health

and exercise I took by myself. When evening came, and the other clerks frequented the theatre, I went home to read, or as often to sit and think.

"Sara tells me," said the old man one day, when some rare chance had brought him to my office, "Sara tells me that you are suffering from over-confinement. She thinks you look pale and worn, and that this constant work is telling on you."

"Far from it, sir. I am both well and happy; and if I needed to be made happier, this thoughtful kindness would make me so."

"Yes; she is very kind, and very thoughtful, too; but, as well as these, she is despotic," said he, with a faint laugh; "and so she has decided that you are to exchange with M. Marsac, who will be here by Saturday, and who will put you up to all the details of his walk. He buys our timber for us in Hungary and Transylvania; and he, too, will enjoy a little rest from constant travel."

"I don't speak Hungarian, sir," began I, eager to offer an opposition to the plan.

"Sara says you are a quick learner, and will soon acquire it—at least, enough for traffic."

"It is a business, too, that I suspect requires much insight into the people and their ways."

"You can't learn them younger, lad; and as all those we deal with are old clients of the house, you will not be much exposed to rogueries."

"But if I make mistakes, sir? If I involve you in difficulty and in loss?"

"You'll repay it by zeal, lad, and by devotion, as we have seen you do here."

He waved his hand in adieu, and left me to my own thoughts. Very sad thoughts they were, as they told me of separation from her that gave the whole charm to my life. Sara's manner to me had been so markedly cold and distant for some time past, so unlike what it had been at first, that I could not help feeling that, by ordering me away, some evidence of displeasure was to be detected. The old man I at once exculpated, for every day showed him less and less alive to the business of "the House;" though, from habit, he persisted in coming down every morning to the office, and believed himself the guide and director of all that went on there.

I puzzled myself long to think what I could have done to forfeit her favour. I had never in the slightest degree passed that boundary of deference that I was told she liked to exact from all in the service of the house. I had neglected no duty, nor, having no intimates or associates, had I given opportunity to report of me that I had said this or that of my employers. I scrutinised every act of my daily life, and suggested every possible and impossible cause for this coldness; but without approaching a reason at all probable. While I thus doubted and disputed with myself, the evening despatches arrived, and among them a letter addressed to



myself. It bore the post-mark of the town alone, with this superscription, "Digby Owen, Esq., at Messrs. Oppovich's, Fiume." I tore it open, and read,—

"The address you wish for is, 'Lady Norcott, Sunday's Well, Cork, Ireland.'"

The writing looked an English hand, and the language was English. There was no date, nor any signature. Could it have been, then, that I had folded, and sealed, and sent on my letter—that letter I believed I had never written—without knowing it, and that the lawyer had sent me this reply, which, though long delayed, might have been postponed till he had obtained the tidings it conveyed? At all events, I had got my dear mother's address—at least, I hoped so. This point I resolved to ascertain at once, and sat down to write to her. It was a very hurried note I composed, though I did my very best to be collected. I told her how and where I was, and by what accident of fortune I had come here; that I had reasonable hopes of advancement, and, even now, had a salary which was larger than I needed. I was afraid to say much of what I wished to tell her, till I was sure my letter would reach her; and I entreated her to write to me by return of post, were it but a line. I need not say how many loves I sent her, nor what longings to be again beside her, to hold her hand, and hear her voice, and call her by that dearest of all the names affection cherishes. "I am going from this in a few days into Hungary," added I; "but address me here, and it shall be sent after me."

When I had finished my letter, I again turned my thoughts to this strange communication, so abrupt and so short. How came it to Fiume, too? Was it enclosed in some other letter, and to whom? If posted in Fiume, why not written there? Ay; but by whom? Who could know that I had wished for my mother's address? It was a secret buried in my own heart.

I suddenly determined I would ask the Fräulein Sara to aid me in unravelling this mystery, which, of course, I could do without disclosing the contents of the note. I hurried off to the house, and asked if she would permit me to speak to her.

"Yes. The Fraulein was going out; but, if my business was brief, she would see me."

She was in bonnet and shawl as I entered, and stood with one hand on a table, looking very calm, but somewhat haughty.

"I beg your pardon, M. Owen," said she, "if I say that I can only give you a few minutes, and will not ask you even to sit down. If it be a matter of the office——"

"No, mademoiselle; it is not a matter of the office."

"Then, if it relate to your change of occupation——"

"No, mademoiselle, not even to that. It is a purely personal question. I have got a letter, with a Fiume post-mark on it, but without the writer's name; and I am curious to know if you could aid me to discover him. Would you look at the hand, and see if it be known to you?"



"Pray excuse me, M. Owen. I am the stupidest of all people in reading riddles or solving difficulties. All the help I can give you is to say how I treat anonymous letters myself. If they be simply insults, I burn them. If they relate what appear to be matters of fact, I wait and watch for them."

Offended by the whole tone of her manner, I bowed, and moved towards the door.

"Have you seen M. Marsac? I hear he has arrived."

"No, mademoiselle; not yet."

"When you have conferred and consulted with him, your instructions are all prepared; and I suppose you are ready to start?"

"I shall be, mademoiselle, when called upon."

"I will say, good-by, then," said she, advancing one step towards me, evidently intending to offer me her hand; but I replied by a low, very low, bow, and retired.

I thought I should choke as I went down the stairs. My throat seemed to swell, and then to close up; and when I gained the shelter of the thick trees, I threw myself down on my face in the grass, and sobbed as if my heart was breaking. How I vowed and swore that I would tear every recollection of her from my mind, and never think more of her, and how her image ever came back clearer and brighter and more beautiful before me after each oath!

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE MAN WHO TRAVELLED FOR OUR HOUSE.

As I sat brooding over my fire that same evening, my door was suddenly opened, and a large burly man, looming even larger from an immense fur pelisse that he wore, entered. His first care was to divest himself of a tall Astracan cap, from which he flung off some snow-flakes, and then to throw off his pelisse, stamping the snow from his great boots, which reached halfway up the thigh.

"You see," cried he, at last, with a jovial air, "you see I come, like a good comrade, and make myself at home at once."

"I certainly see so much," said I, drily; "but whom have I the honour to receive?"

"You have the honour to receive Gustave Maurice de Marsac, young man, a gentleman of Dauphiné, who now masquerades in the character of first traveller for the respectable house of Hodnig and Oppovich."

"I am proud to make your acquaintance, M. de Marsac," said I, offering my hand.

"What age are you?" cried he, staring fixedly at me. "You can't be twenty?"

"No, I am not twenty."

"And they purpose to send you down to replace *me*!" cried he; and he threw himself back in his chair, and shook with laughter.

"I see all the presumption; but I can only say it was none of my doing."

"No, no; don't say presumption," said he, in a half-coaxing tone. "But I may say it, without vanity, it is not every man's gift to be able to succeed Gustave de Marsac. May I ask for a cigar? Thanks. A real Cuban, I verily believe. I finished my tobacco two posts from this, and have been smoking all the samples—pepper and hemp-seed amongst them—since then."

"May I offer you something to eat?"

"You may, if you accompany it with something to drink. Would you believe it, Oppovich and his daughter were at supper when I arrived to report myself; and neither of them as much as said, Chevalier—I mean Mon. de Marsac—won't you do us the honour to join us? No. Old Ignaz went on with his meal—cold veal and a potato salad, I think it was; and the fair Sara examined my posting-book, to see I had made no delay on the road: but neither offered me even the courtesy of a glass of wine."

"I don't suspect it was from any want of hospitality," I began.

"An utter want of everything, mon cher. Want of decency; want of delicacy; want of due deference to a man of birth and blood. I see you are sending your servant out. Now, I beg, don't make a stranger—don't make what we call a 'Prince Russe' of me. A little quiet supper, and something to wash it down; good fellowship will do the rest. May I give your man the orders?"

"You will confer a great favour on me," said I.

He took my servant apart, and whispered a few minutes with him at the window. "Try Kleptomitz first," said he aloud, as the man was leaving; "and mind you say M. Marsac sent you. Smart 'bursche' you've got there. If you don't take him with you, hand him over to me."

"I will do so," said I; "and am happy to have secured him a good master."

"You'll not know him when you pass through Fiume again. I believe there's not my equal in Europe to drill a servant. Give me a Chinese, an Esquimaux; give me a Hottentot, and in six months you shall see him announce a visitor, deliver a letter, wait at table, or serve coffee, with the quiet dignity and the impassive steadiness of the most accomplished lacquey. The three servants of Fiume were made by me, and their fortunes also. One has now the chief restaurant at Rome, in the Piazza di Spagna; the other is manager of the 'Iron Crown Hotel,' at Zurich; he wished to have called it the 'Arms of Marsac,' but I forbade him. I said, 'No, Pierre, no. The De Marsacs are now travelling incog.' Like the Tavannes and the Rohans, we have to wait and bide our time. Louis Napoleon is not immortal. Do you think he is?"

"I have no reason to think so."

"Well, well, you are too young to take interest in politics; not but that I did at fourteen: I conspired at fourteen! I will show you a stiletto

Mazzini gave me on my birthday; and the motto on the blade was, 'Au service du Roi.' Ah! you are surprised at what I tell you. I hear you say to yourself, 'How the devil did he come to this place? what led him to Fiume?' A long story that; a story poor old Dumas would give one of his eyes for. There's more adventure, more scrapes by villainy, dangers and death-blows generally, in the last twenty-two years of my life—I am now thirty-six—than in all the Monte Christos that ever were written. I will take the liberty to put another log on your fire. What do you say if we lay the cloth? It will expedite matters a little."

"With all my heart. Here are all my household goods," said I, opening a little press in the wall.

"And not to be despised, by any means. Show me what a man drinks out of, and I'll tell you what he drinks. When a man has got thin glasses like these—à la Mousseline, as we say,—his tippie is Bordeaux."

"I confess the weakness," said I, laughing.

"It is my own infirmity, too," said he, sighing. "My theory is, plurality of wines is as much a mistake as plurality of wives. Coquette, if you will, with fifty, but give your affections to one. If I am anything, I am moral. What can keep your fellow so long? I gave him but two commissions."

"Perhaps the shops were closed at this hour."

"If they were, sir," said he, pompously, "at the word Marsac they would open. Ha! what do I see here?—a piano? Am I at liberty to open it?" And without waiting for a reply, he sat down, and ran his hands over the keys with a masterly facility. As he flew over the octaves, and struck chords of splendid harmony, I could not help feeling an amount of credit in all his boastful declarations just from this one trait of real power about him.

"I see you are a rare musician," said I.

"And it is what I know least," said he; "though Flotow said one day, 'If that rascal de Marsac takes to writing operas, I'll never compose another.' But here comes the supper:" and as he spoke my servant entered, with a small basket, with six bottles in it; two waiters following him, bearing a good-sized tin box, with a charcoal fire beneath.

"Well and perfectly done," exclaimed my guest, as he aided them to place the soup on the table, and to dispose some hors d'œuvre of anchovies, caviare, ham, and fresh butter on the board. "I am sorry we have no flowers. I love a bouquet. A few camelias for colour, and some violets for smell. They relieve the grossness of the material enjoyments; they poetize the meal; and if you have no women at table, mon cher, be sure to have flowers: not that I object to both together. There, now, is our little bill of fare,—a white soup, a devilled mackerel, some truffles, with butter, and a capon with stewed mushrooms. Oysters they had not, not even those native shrimps they call scampi; but the wine will compensate for much: the wine is Rœdiger; champagne, with a faint suspicion of dryness. And as he has brought ice, we'll attack that Bordeaux you spoke of till it be cool enough for drinking."

As he rattled on thus it was not very easy for me to assure myself whether I was host or guest; but as I saw that this consideration did not distress him, I resolved it should not weigh heavily on me.

"I ordered a 'compote' of peaches with maraschino. Go after them and say it has been forgotten." And now, as he dismissed my servant on this errand, he sat down and served the soup, doing the honours of the board in all form. "You are called——"

"Digby is my Christian name," interrupted I, "and you can call me by it."

"Digby, I drink to your health; and if the wine had been only a little warmer, I'd say I could not wish to do so in a more generous fluid. No fellow of your age, however, knows how to air his Bordeaux; hot flannels to the caraffe before decanting are all that is necessary, and let your glasses also be slightly warmed. To sip such claret as this, and then turn one's eyes to that champagne yonder in the ice-pail, is like the sensation of a man who in his honeymoon fancies how happy he will be one of these days, 'en secondes nocces.' Don't you feel a sense of triumphant enjoyment at this moment? Is there not something at your heart that says, 'Hodnig and Oppovich, I despise you! To the regions I soar in you cannot come! In the blue ether I have risen to, your very vision cannot reach!' Eh, boy, tell me this."

"No; I don't think you have rightly measured my feelings. On the whole, I rather suspect I bear a very good will to these same people who have enabled me to have these comforts."

"You pretend, then, to what they call gratitude?"

"I have that weakness."

"I could as soon believe in the heathen mythology! I like the man who is kind to me while he is doing the kindness, and I could, if occasion served, be kind to him in turn; but to say that I could retain such a memory of the service after years, that it would renew in me the first pleasant sensations it created, and with these sensations the goodwill to requite them, is downright rubbish. You might as well tell me that I could get drunk simply by remembering the orgie I assisted at ten years ago."

"I protest against your sentiment and your logic too."

"Then we won't dispute the matter. We'll talk of something we can agree upon. Let us abuse Sara."

"If you do, you'll choose some other place to do it."

"What, do you mean to tell me that you can stand the haughty airs and proud pretensions of the young Jewess?"

"I mean to tell you that I know nothing of the Fraulein Oppovich but what is amiable and good."

"What do I care for amiable and good. I want a girl to be graceful, well-mannered, pleasing, lively to talk and eager to listen. There now, don't get purple about the cheeks and flash at me such fiery looks. Here's the champagne, and we'll drink a bumper to her."

"Take some other name for your toast, or I'll fling your bottle out of the window."

"You will, will you?" said he, setting down his glass, and measuring me from head to foot.

"I swear it."

"I like that spirit, Digby; I'll be shot if I don't," said he, taking my hand, which I did not give very willingly. "You are just what I was some fifteen or twenty years ago,—warm, impulsive, and headstrong. It's the world,—that vile old mill, the world,—grinds that generous nature out of one! I declare I don't believe that a spark of real trustfulness survives a man's first moustaches,—and yours are very faint, very faint indeed; there's a suspicion of smut on the upper lip, and some small capillary flourishes along your cheek. That wine is too sweet. I'll return to the Bordeaux."

"I grieve to say I have no more than that bottle of it. It was some I bought when I was ill and threatened with ague."

"What profanation! anything would be good enough for ague. It is in a man's days of vigorous health he merits cherishing. Let us console ourselves with Roediger. Now, boy," said he, as he cleared off a bumper from a large goblet, "I'll give you some hints for your future, far more precious than this wine, good as it is. Gustave de Marsac, like Homer's hero, can give gold for brass, and instead of wine he will give you wisdom. First of all for a word of warning: don't fall in love with Sara. It's the popular error down here to do so, but it's a cruel mistake. That fellow that has the hemp trade here—what's his name—the vulgar dog that wears mutton-chop whiskers, and fancies he's English because he gets his coats from London? I'll remember his name presently—he has all his life been proposing for Sara, and begging off,—as matters go well or ill with the House of Oppovich; and as he is a shrewd fellow in business, all the young men here think they ought to 'go in' for Sara too."

I should say here that, however distasteful to me this talk, and however willingly I would have repressed it, it was totally out of my power to arrest the flow of words which, with the force of a swollen torrent, came from him. He drank freely, too, large goblets of champagne as he talked, and to this, I am obliged to own, I looked as my last hope of being rid of him. I placed every bottle I possessed on the table, and lighting my cigar, resigned myself, with what patience I could, to the result.

"Am I keeping you up, my dear Digby?" cried he, at last, after a burst of abuse on Fiume and all it contained that lasted about half-an-hour.

"I seldom sit up so late," was my cautious reply, "but I must own I have seldom such a good excuse."

"You hit it, boy; that was well and truly spoken. As a talker of the highest order of talk, I yield to no man in Europe. Do you remember Duvergier saying in the *Chambre*, as an apology for being late, 'I dined with De Marsac?'"

"I cannot say I remember that."

"How could you? You were an infant at the time." Away he went after this into reminiscences of political life—how deep he was in that Spanish marriage question, and how it caused a breach—an irreparable breach—between Guizot and himself, when that woman, "you know whom I mean, let out the secret to Bulwer. Of course, I ought not to have confided it to her. I know all that as well as you can tell it me, but who is wise, who is guarded, who is self-possessed at all times?"

Not entirely trustful of what he was telling me, and little interested in it besides, I brought him back to Fiume, and to the business that was now about to be confided to me.

"Ah, very true; you want your instructions. You shall have them, not that 'you'll need them long, *mon cher*. Six months—what am I saying?—three will see it all up with Hodnig and Oppovich."

"What do you mean?" cried I, eagerly.

"Just simply what I say." It was not very easy for me to follow him here, but I could gather, amidst a confused mass of self-glorification, prediction, and lamentation over warnings disregarded, and such like, that the great Jew house of "Nathanheimer" of Paris was the real head of the firm of Hodnig and Oppovich. "The Nathanheimers own all Europe and a very considerable share of America," burst he out. "You hear of a great wine house at Xeres, or a great corn-merchant at Odessa, or a great tallow exporter at Riga. It's all Nathanheimer! If a man prospers and shows that he has skill in business, they'll stand by him, even to millions. If he blunders, they sweep him away, as I brush away that cork. There must be no failures with *them*. That's their creed."

He proceeded to explain how these great potentates of finance and trade had agencies in every great centre of Europe, who reported to them everything that went on, who flourished, and who foundered; how, when enterprises that promised well presented themselves, Nathanheimer would advance any sum, no matter how great, that was wanted. If a country needed a railroad, if a city required a boulevard, if a seaport wanted a dock, they were ready to furnish each and all of them. The conditions, too, were never unfair, never ungenerous, but still they bargained always for something besides money. They desired that this man would aid such a project here, or oppose that other there. Their interests were so various and wide-spread that they needed political power everywhere, and they had it.

One offence they never pardoned, never condoned, which was any, the slightest, insubordination amongst those they supported and maintained. Marsac ran over a catalogue of those they had ruined in London, Amsterdam, Paris, Frankfort, and Vienna, simply because they had attempted to emancipate themselves from the serfdom imposed upon them. Let one of the subordinate firms branch out into an enterprise unauthorised by the great house, and straightway their acceptances become dishonoured, and their credit assailed. In one word, he made

it appear that from one end of Europe to the other the whole financial system was in the hands of a few crafty men of immense wealth, who unthroned dynasties, and controlled the fate of nations, with a word.

He went on to show that Oppovich had somehow fallen into disgrace with these mighty patrons. "Some say that he is too old and too feeble for business, and hands over to Sara details that she is quite unequal to deal with; some aver that he has speculated without sanction, and is intriguing with Greek democrats; others declare that he has been merely unfortunate; at all events his hour has struck. Mind my words, three months hence they'll not have Nathanheimer's agency in their house, and I suspect you'll see our friend Bettmeyer will succeed to that rich inheritance."

Rambling on, now talking with a vagueness that savoured of imbecility, now speaking with a purposelike acuteness and power that brought conviction, he sat till daybreak, drinking freely all the time, and at last so overwhelming me with strange revelations, that I was often at a loss to know whether it was he that was confounding me, or that I myself had lost all control of right reason and judgment.

"You're dead beat, my poor fellow," said he at last, "and it's your own fault. You've been drinking nothing but water these last two hours. Go off to bed now, and leave me to finish this bottle. After that I'll have a plunge off the end of the mole, cold enough it will be, but no ice, and you'll find me here at ten o'clock with a breakfast appetite that will astonish you."

I took him at his word, and said "Good-night."

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#### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### MY INSTRUCTIONS.

My friend did not keep his self-made appointment with me at breakfast, nor did I see him for two days, when we met in the street. "I have gone over to the enemy," said he, "I have taken an engagement with Bettmeyer: six thousand florins and all expenses,—silver florins, mon cher; and if you're wise," added he in a whisper, "you'll follow my lead. Shall I say a word for you?" I thanked him coldly, and declined the offer.

"All right, stick to gratitude, and you'll see where it will land you," said he, gaily. "I've sent you half-a-dozen letters to friends of mine up yonder," and he pointed towards the North. "You'll find Hunyadi an excellent fellow, and the countess charming; don't make love to her, though, for Tassilo is a regular Othello. As for the Erdödis, I only wish I was going there instead of you;—such pheasants, such women, such Tokay, their own vintage. Once you're down in Transylvania, write me word whom you'd like to know. They're all dear friends of mine. By



the way, don't make any blunder about that Hunyadi contract. The people here will want you to break it,—don't on any account. It's the finest bargain ever was made; splendid timber, magnificent bark, and the cuttings alone worth all the money." He rattled out this with his own headlong speed, and was gone before I well knew I had seen him.

That evening I was ordered to Herr Oppovich's house to receive my last instructions. The old man was asleep on a sofa, as I entered, and Sara seated at a table by the fire, deeply engaged in accounts.

"Sit down, Herr Owen,"—she had ceased to call me von Owen,—  
"and I will speak to you in a minute."

I was not impatient at the delay, for I had time to gaze at her silken hair, and her faultless profile, and the beautiful outline of her figure, as leaning her head on her hand, she bent over the table.

"I cannot make this come right,—are you clever at figures?" asked she.

"I cannot say it is my gift, but I will do my best to aid you." And now we were seated side by side, poring over the same page, and as she had placed one taper finger next the column of figures, I did so likewise, thinking far less of the arithmetic than of the chance of touching her hand with mine.

"These figures are somewhat confusing," she said. "Let us begin at the top,—fourteen hundred and six hundred, make two thousand, and twelve hundred, three thousand two hundred—now is this a seven or a three?"

"I'd say a three."

"I've called it a seven, because M. Marsac usually writes his sevens in this way."

"These are de Marsac's, then?" asked I.

"And why 'de,' may I ask?" said she, quickly, "why not Marsac, as I called him?"

"I took his name as he gave it me."

"You know him, then? Oh, I had forgotten,—he called on you the night he came. Have you seen him since?"

"Only passingly, in the street."

"Had he time to tell you that he has been dismissed?"

"Yes, he said he was now in Mr. Bettmeyer's office."

"Shall I tell you why?" she stopped, and her cheek became crimson, while her eyes sparkled with an angry fire, that actually startled me; "but let us finish this. Where were we?" she now leaned her head down upon her hands, and seemed overcome by her emotion. When she looked up again her face was perfectly pale, and her eyes sad and weariful. "I am afraid we shall wake him," said she, looking towards her father; "come into this room here. So this man has been talking of us?" cried she, as soon as we had passed into the adjoining room. "Has he told you how he has requited all my father's kindness? how he

has repaid his trustfulness and faith in him? Speak freely if you wish me to regard you as a friend."

"I would that you might, *Fräulein*. There is no name I would do so much to win."

"But you are a gentleman, and with noble blood. Could you stoop to be the friend of"—here she hesitated, and, after an effort, added, "a Jew?"

"Try me, prove me," said I, stooping till my lips touched her hand.

She did not withdraw her hand, but left it in mine, as I pressed it again and again to my lips.

"He told you, then," said she, in a half whisper, "that our house was on the brink of ruin; that in a few weeks, or even less, my father would not face the exchange—did he not say this?"

"I will tell you all," said I; "for I know you will forgive me when I repeat what will offend you to hear; but what it is safer you should hear." And, in the fewest words I could, I related what Marsac had told me of the house and its difficulties. When I came to that part which represented Oppovich as the mere agent of the great Parisian banker—whose name I was not quite sure of—I faltered and hesitated.

"Go on," said she, gently. "He told you that Baron Nathanheimer was about to withdraw his protection from us?"

I slightly bent my head in affirmation.

"But did he say why?"

"Something there was of rash enterprise, of speculation unauthorized—of——"

"Of an old man with failing faculties," said she, in the same low tone; "and of a young girl, little versed in business, but self-confident and presumptuous enough to think herself equal to supply his place. I have no doubt he was very frank on this head. He wrote to Baron Elias, who sent me his letter—the letter he wrote of us while eating our bread. It was not handsome of him—was it, sir?"

I can give no idea, not the faintest, of the way she said these few words, nor of the ineffable scorn of her look, while her voice remained calm and gentle as ever.

"No. It was not handsome."

She nodded to me to proceed, and I continued,—

"I have told you nearly everything; for of himself and his boastfulness——"

"Oh! do not tell me of that. I am in no laughing mood, and I would not like to hear of it. What did he say of the Hunyadi affair?"

"Nothing, or next to nothing. He offered me letters of introduction to Count Hunyadi; but beyond that there was no mention of him."

She arose as I said this, and walked slowly up and down the room. I saw she was deep in thought, and was careful not to disturb or distract her. At last she opened a writing-desk, and took out a roll of papers fastened by a tape.

"These," said she, "you will take with you, and carefully read over. They are the records of a transaction that is now involving us in great trouble, and which may prove more than trouble. M. Marsac has been induced—how we shall not stop to inquire—to contract for the purchase of an extensive wood belonging to Graf Hunyadi; the price, half a million of francs. We delayed to ratify an agreement of such moment, until more fully assured of the value of the timber; and, while we deliberated on the choice of the person to send down to Hungary, we have received from our correspondent at Vienna certain bills for acceptance in payment of this purchase. You follow me, don't you?"

"Yes. As I understand it, the bargain was assumed to be ratified?"

"Just so."

She paused; and, after a slight struggle with herself, went on,—

"The contract, legally drawn up and complete in every way, was signed; not, however, by my father, but by my brother. You have heard, perhaps, that I have a brother. Bad companionship, and a yielding disposition, have led him into evil, and for some years we have not seen him. Much misfortune has befallen him; but none greater, perhaps, than his meeting with Marsac; for, though Adolf has done many things, he would not have gone thus far without the promptings of this bad man."

"Was it his own name he wrote?" asked I.

"No. It was my father's," and she faltered at the word, and as she spoke it her head fell heavily forward, and she covered her face with her hands.

She rallied, however, quickly, and went on. "We now know that the timber is not worth one-fourth of this large sum. Baron Elias himself has seen it, and declares that we have been duped or—worse. He insists that we rescind the contract, or accept all its consequences. The one is hopeless—the other ruin. Meanwhile, the Baron suspends farther relations with us, and heavy acceptances of ours will soon press for payment. I must not go into this," said she, hurriedly. "You are very young to charge with such a mission; but I have great faith in your loyalty. You will not wrong our trust?"

"That I will not."

"You will go to Graf Hunyadi, and speak with him. If he be—as many of his countrymen are—a man of high and generous feeling, he will not bring ruin upon us, when our only alternative would be to denounce our own. You are very young; but you have habits of the world and society. Nay—I am not seeking to learn a secret; but you know enough to make you companionable and acceptable, where any others in our employ would be inadmissible. At all events, you will soon see the sort of man we have to deal with, and you will report to me at once."

"I am not to tell him how this signature has been obtained?" asked I, awaiting the reply.

"That would be to denounce the contract at once," cried she, as though this thought had for the first time struck her. "You know the penalty of a forgery here. It is the galleys for life. He must be saved at all events. Don't you see," cried she, eagerly, "I can give you no instructions. I have none to give. When I say, I trust you—I have told you all."

"Has Herr Ignaz not said how he would wish me to act?"

"My father knows nothing of it all! Nothing. You have seen him, and you know how little he is able now to cope with a difficulty. The very sense that his faculties are not what they were overcomes him, even to tears."

Up to this she had spoken with a calm firmness that had lent a touch of almost sternness to her manner, but at the mention of her poor father's condition, her courage gave way, and she turned away and hid her face, but her convulsed shoulders showed how her emotion was overcoming her. I went towards her, and took her hand in both my own. She left it to me while I kissed it again and again.

"Oh, Sara," I whispered, rather than spoke, "if you knew how devoted I am to you, if you knew how willingly I would give my very life for you, you would not think yourself friendless at this hour. Your trust in me has made me forget how lonely I am, and how humble, to forget all that separates us, even to telling that I love you. Give me one word—only one—of hope; or if not that, let your dear hand but close on mine, and I am yours for ever."

She never spoke, however, and her cold fingers returned no pressure to mine.

"I love you; I love you!" I muttered, as I covered her hand with kisses.

"There! Do you not hear?" cried she, suddenly. "My father is calling me."

"Sara, Sara! Where is Sara?" cried the old man, in a weak, reedy voice.

"I am coming, dear father," said she. "Good by, Digby; remember that I trust you!"

She waved me a farewell, and, with a faint, sad smile, she moved away. As she reached the door, however, she turned, and, with a look of kindly meaning, said, "Trust you in all things."

I sprang forward to clasp her to my heart, but the door closed on her, and I was alone!

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#### CHAPTER XXV.

##### "ON THE ROAD" IN CROATIA.

I PASSED half the night that followed in writing to my mother. It was a very long epistle, but, in my fear lest, like so many others, it should not ever reach her, it was less expansive and candid than I could have wished.

Sara's name did not occur throughout, and yet it was Sara's image was before me as I wrote, and to connect my mother in interest for Sara was my uppermost thought. Without touching on details that might awaken pain, I told how I had been driven to attempt something for my own support, and had not failed.

"I am still," I wrote, "where I started, but in so far a different position that I am now well looked on and trusted, and at this moment about to set out on a mission of importance. If I should succeed in doing what I am charged with, it will go far to secure my future, and then, dearest mother, I will go over to fetch you, for I will no longer live without you."

I pictured the place I was living in, and its climate, as attractively as I was able, and said, what I verily believed, that I hoped never to leave it. Of my father I did not venture to speak, but I invited her, if the course of our correspondence should prove assured, to tell me freely all about her present condition, and where and how she was.

"You will see, dear mother," said I, in conclusion, "that I write in all the constraint of one who is not sure who may read him. Of the accident by which the address I now give this letter reached me I will tell when I write again. Meanwhile, though I shall not be here to receive it at once, write to me, to the care of Hodnig and Oppovich, and add, 'to be forwarded.'"

I enclosed a little photograph of the town, as seen from the bay, and though ill done and out of drawing, it still conveyed some notion of the pretty little spot with its mountain frame-work.

I had it in my head to write another letter, and, indeed, made about a dozen attempts to begin it. It was to Pauline. Nothing but very boyishness could have ever conceived such a project, but I thought—it was very simple of me!—I thought I owed it to her, and to my own loyalty, to declare that my heart had wandered from its first allegiance, and fixed its devotion on another. I believed—I was young enough to believe it—that I had won her affections, and I felt it would be dishonourable in me to deceive her as to my own. I suppose I was essaying a task that would have puzzled a more consummate tactician than myself, for certainly nothing could be more palpable than my failures; and though I tried, with all the ingenuity I possessed, to show that, in my altered fortunes, I could no longer presume to retain any hold on her affections, somehow it would creep out that my heart had opened to a sentiment far deeper and more enthralling than that love which began in a polka, and ended at the railway.

I must own I am now grateful to my stupidity and ineptness, which saved me from committing this great blunder, though, at the time, I mourned over my incapacity, and bewailed the dulness that destroyed every attempt I made to express myself gracefully. I abandoned the task, at length, in despair, and set to work to pack up for my journey. I was to start at daybreak for Agram, where some business would detain me a couple of

days. Thence I was to proceed to a small frontier town in Hungary, called Ostovitz, on the Drave, where we owned a forest of oak scrub, and which I was empowered to sell, if an advantageous offer could be had. If such should not be forthcoming, my instructions were to see what water-power existed in the neighbourhood to work saw-mills, and to report fully on the price of labour, and the means of conveyance to the coast. If I mention these details, even passingly, it is but to show the sort of work that was entrusted to me, and how naturally my pride was touched at feeling how great and important were the interests confided to my judgment. In my own esteem, at least, I was somebody. This sentiment, felt in the freshness of youth, is never equalled by anything one experiences of triumph in after life, for none of our later successes come upon hearts joyous in the day-spring of existence, hopeful of all things, and, above all, hearts that have not been jarred by envy, and made discordant by ungenerous rivalry.

There was an especial charm, too, in the thought that my life was no every-day common-place existence, but a strange series of ups and downs, changes and vicissitudes calling for continual watchfulness, and no small amount of energy; in a word, I was a hero to myself, and it is wonderful what a degree of interest can be imparted to life simply by that delusion. My business at Agram was soon despatched. No news of the precarious condition of our "house" had reached this place, and I was treated with all the consideration due to the confidential agent of a great firm. I passed an evening in the society of the town, and was closely questioned whether Carl Bettmeyer had got over his passion for the Fraulein Sara; or was she showing any disposition to look more favourably on his addresses. What fortune Oppovich could give his daughter, and what sort of marriage he aspired to for her, were all discussed. There was one point, however, all were agreed upon, that nothing could be done without the consent of the "Baron," as they distinctively called the great financier of Paris, whose sway, it appeared, extended not only to questions of trade and money, but to every relation of domestic life.

"They say," cried one, "that the Baron likes Bettmeyer, and has thrown some good things in his way of late."

"He gave him a share in that new dock contract at Pola."

"And he means to give him the directorship of the Viacovar line, if it ever be made."

"He'll give him Sara Oppovich for a wife," said a third, "and that's a better speculation than them all. Two millions of florins at least."

"She's the richest heiress in Croatia."

"And doesn't she know it!" exclaimed another. "The last time I was up at Fiume, old Ignaz apologised for not presenting me to her, by saying,—'Yesterday was her reception day, if you are here next Wednesday I'll introduce you.'"

"I thought it was only the nobles had the custom of reception days?"

"Wealth is nobility, now-a-days, and if Ignaz Oppovich was not a Jew he might have the best blood of Austria for a son-in-law."

The discussion soon waxed warm as to whether Jews did or did not aspire to marriage with Christians of rank, the majority opining to believe that they placed title and station above even riches, and that no people had such an intense appreciation of the value of condition as the Hebrew.

"That Frenchman who was here the other day, Marsac, told me that the man who could get the Stephen Cross for old Oppovich, and the title of Chevalier, would be sure of his daughter's hand in marriage."

"And does old Ignaz really care for such a thing?"

"No, but the girl does; she's the haughtiest and the vainest damsel in the province."

It may be believed that I found it very hard to listen to such words as these in silence, but it was of the last importance that I should not make what is called an *éclat*, or bring the name of Oppovich needlessly forward for town talk and discussion; I therefore repressed my indignation and appeared to take little interest in the conversation.

"You've seen the Fraulein, of course?" asked one of me.

"To be sure he has, and has been permitted to kneel and kiss her hand on her birthday," broke in another.

And while some declared that this was mere exaggeration and gossip, others averred that they had been present and witnessed this act of homage themselves.

"What has this young gentleman seen of this hand kissing?" said a lady of the party, turning to me.

"That it was always an honour conferred even more than a homage rendered, Madam," said I, stepping forward and kissing her hand, and a pleasant laughter greeted this mode of concluding the controversy.

"I have got a wager about you," said a young man to me, "and you alone can decide it. Are you or are you not from Upper Austria?"

"And are you a Jew?" cried another.

"If you'll promise to ask me no more questions, I'll answer both of these—I am neither Jew nor Austrian."

It was not, however, so easy to escape my questioners, but as their curiosity seemed curbed by no reserves of delicacy, I was left free to defend myself as best I might, and that I had not totally failed, I gathered from hearing an old fellow whisper to another:—

"You'll get nothing out of him: if he's not a Jew by birth, he has lived long enough with them to keep his mind to himself."

Having finished all I had to do at Agram, I started for Ostovitz. I could find no purchaser for our wood, indeed every one had timber to sell, and forests were offered me on all sides. It was just at that period in Austria when the nation was first waking to thoughts of industrial enterprise, and schemes of money-getting were rife everywhere; but such was the ignorance of the people, so little versed were they in affairs, that



they imagined wealth was to pour down upon them for the wishing, and that Fortune asked of her votaries neither industry nor thrift.

Perhaps I should not have been led into these reflections here if it were not that I had embodied them, or something very like them, in a despatch I sent off to Sara,—a despatch on which I had expended all my care to make it a masterpiece of fine writing and acute observation. I remember how I expatiated on the disabilities of race, and how I dwelt upon the vices of those lethargic temperaments of Eastern origin which seemed so wanting in all that energy and persistence which form the life of commerce.

This laborious essay took me an entire day to write, but when I had posted it at night I felt I had done a very grand thing, not only as an intellectual effort, but as a proof to the Fraulein how well I knew how to restrict myself within the limits of my duties; for not a sentence, not a syllable, had escaped me throughout to recall thoughts of anything but business. I had asked for certain instructions about Hungary, and on the third day came the following, in Sara's hand:—

"HERR DIGBY,—There is no mention in your esteemed letter of the 4th November of Kraus's acceptance, nor have you explained to what part of Heydäger's contract Hanser now objects. Freights are still rising here, and it would be imprudent to engage in any operations that involve exportation. Gold is also rising, and the Bank discount goes daily higher. I am obliged to you for your interesting remarks on ethnology, though I am low-minded enough to own I could have read with more pleasure whether the floods in the Drave have interfered with the rafts, and also whether these late rains have damaged the newly-sown crops.

"If you choose to see Pesth and Buda, you will have time, for Count Hunyadi will not be at his château till nigh Christmas; but it is important you should see him immediately on his arrival, for his intendant writes to say that the Graf has invited a large party of friends to pass the festival with him, and will not attend to any business matters while they remain. Promptitude will be therefore needful. I have nothing to add to your instructions already given. Although I have not been able to consult my father, whose weakness is daily greater, I may say that you are empowered to make a compromise, if such should seem advisable, and your drafts shall be duly honoured, if, time pressing, you are not in a position to acquaint us with details.

"The weather here is fine now. I passed yesterday at Abazzia, and the place was looking well. I believe the archduke will purchase it, and though sorry on some accounts, I shall be glad on the whole.

"For Hodnig and Oppovich,

"SARA OPPOVICH."

"Of course if Count Hunyadi will not transact business on his arrival, you will have to await his convenience. Perhaps the interval

could be profitably passed in Transylvania, where, it is said, the oak-bark is both cheap and good. See to this, if opportunity serves. Bieli's book and maps are worth consulting."

If I read this epistle once, I read it fifty times, but I will not pretend to say with what strange emotions. All the dry reference to business I could bear well enough, but the little passing sneer at what she called my ethnology piqued me painfully. Why should she have taken such pains to tell me that nothing that did not lend itself to gain could have any interest for her? or was it to say that these topics alone were what should be discussed between us? Was it to recall me to my station, to make me remember in what relation I stood to her, she wrote thus? These were not the natures I had read of in *Balsac*! the creatures all passion, and soul, and sentiment; women whose atmosphere was positive enchantment, and whose least glance, or word, or gesture, would inflame the heart to very madness; and yet, was it not in Sara to become all this? Were those deep lustrous eyes, that looked away into space longingly, dreamfully, dazingly,—were they meant to pore over wearisome columns of dry arithmetic, or not rather to give back in recognition what they had got in rapture, and to look as they were looked into?

Was it, as a Jewess, that my speculations about race had offended her? Had I expressed myself carelessly or ill? I had often been struck by a smile she would give, not scornful, nor slighting, but something that seemed to say, "These thoughts are not *our* thoughts, nor are these ways our ways;" but in her silent fashion she would make no remark, but be satisfied to shadow forth some half dissent by a mere trembling of the lip.

She had passed a day at Abazzia—of course, alone,—wandering about that delicious spot, and, doubtless, recalling memories, for any one of which I had given my life's blood. And would she not bestow a word—one word—on these? Why not say, she as much as remembered me; that it was there we first met! Sure, so much might have been said, or, at least, hinted at, in all harmlessness? I had done nothing, written nothing, to bring rebuke upon me. I had taken no liberty; I had tried to make the dry detail of a business letter less wearisome, by a little digression: not wholly out of *à propos*; that was all.

Was this the Hebrew heart bent solely on gain? And yet what grand things did the love of these women inspire in olden times! and what splendid natures were theirs! How true and devoted, how self-sacrificing! Sara's beautiful face, in all its calm loveliness, rose before me as I thought these things, and I felt that I loved her more than ever.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## IN HUNGARY.

It still wanted several weeks of Christmas, and so I hastened off to Pesth and tried to acquire some little knowledge of Hungarian, and some acquaintance with the habits and ways of Hungarian life. I am not sure that I made much progress in anything but the "Csardas"—the national dance—in which I soon became a proficient. Its stately solemnity suddenly changing for a lively movement; its warlike gestures and attitudes; its haughty tramp and defiant tone; and, last of all, its whirlwind impetuosity and passion,—all emblems of the people who practise it,—possessed a strange fascination for me; and I never missed a night of those public balls where it was danced.

Towards the middle of December, however, I bethought me of my mission, and set out for Gross Wardein, which lay a long distance off, near the Transylvanian frontier. I had provided myself with one of the wicker carriages of the country, and travelled post, usually having three horses harnessed abreast; or, where there was much up-hill, a team of five.

I mention this, for I own that the exhilaration of speeding along at the stretching gallop of these splendid "juckers," tossing their wild manes madly, and ringing out their myriads of bells, was an ecstasy of delight almost maddening. Over and over, as the excited driver would urge his beast to greater speed by a wild shrill cry, have I yelled out in concert with him, carried away by an intense excitement I could not master.

On the second day of the journey we left the region of roads, and usually directed our course by some church spire or tower in the distance, or followed the bank of a river, when not too devious. This headlong swoop across fields and prairies, dashing madly on in what seemed utter recklessness, was glorious fun; and when we came to cross the small bridges which span the streams, without rail or parapet at either side, and where the deviation of a few inches would have sent us headlong into the torrent beneath, I felt a degree of blended terror and delight such as one experiences in the mad excitement of a fox-hunt.

On the third morning I discovered on awaking that a heavy fall of snow had occurred during the night, and we were forced to take off our wheels and place the carriage on sledge slides. This alone was wanting to make the enjoyment perfect, and our pace from this hour became positively steeple-chasing. Lying back in my ample fur mantle, and my hands enclosed in a fur muff, I accepted the salutations of the villagers as we swept along, or blandly raised my hand to my cap as some wearied guard would hurriedly turn out to present arms to a supposed "magnate;" for we were long out of the beat of usual travel, and rarely any but some high official of the State was seen to come "extra post," as it is called, through these wild regions.

Up to Izarous the country had been a plain, slightly, but very slightly,

undulating. Here, however, we got amongst the mountains, and the charm of scenery was now added to the delight of the pace. On the fifth day I learned, and not without sincere regret, that we were within seven German miles,—something over thirty of ours,—from Gross Wardein, from which the Hunyadi Schloss only lay about fifty miles.

Up to this I had been, to myself at least, a "Grand Seigneur," travelling for his pleasure, careless of cost, and denying himself nothing; splendid generosity, transmitted from each postilion to his successor, secured me the utmost speed his beasts could master, and the impetuous dash with which we spun into the arched doorways of the inns, routed the whole household, and not unfrequently summoned the guests themselves to witness the illustrious arrival. A few hours more and the grand illusion would dissolve! No more the wild stretching gallop, cutting the snowdrift; no more the clear bells, ringing through the frosty air; no more the eager landlord bustling to the carriage-side with his flagon of heated wine; no more that burning delight imparted by speed, a sense of power that actually intoxicates. Not one of these! A few hours more and I should be Herr Owen, travelling for the house of Hodnig and Oppovich, banished to the company of bagmen, and reduced to a status where whatever life has of picturesque or graceful is made matter for vulgar sarcasm and ridicule. I know well, ye gentlemen who hold a station fixed and unassailable will scarcely sympathize with me in all this; but the castle-builders of this world, and happily they are a large class, will lend me all their pity,—well aware that so long as imagination honours the drafts upon her, the poor man is never bankrupt, and that it is only as illusions dissolve he sees his insolvency.

I reached Gross Wardein to dinner, and passed the night there, essaying, but with no remarkable success, to learn something of Count Hunyadi, his habits, age, temper, and general demeanour. As my informants were his countrymen, I could only gather that his qualities were such as Hungarians held in esteem. He was proud, brave, costly in his mode of life, splendidly hospitable, and a thorough sportsman. As to what he might prove in matters of business, if he would even stoop to entertain such at all, none could say,—the very thought seemed to provoke a laugh.

"I once attempted a deal with him," said an old farmer-like man at the fireside. "I wanted to buy a team of 'juckers' he drove into the yard here, and was rash enough to offer five hundred florins for what he asked eight. He did not even vouchsafe me an answer, and almost drove over me the next day as I stood at the side of the gate there."

"That was like Tassilo," said a Hungarian, with flashing eyes.

"He served you right," cried another. "None but a German would have offered him such a rudeness."

"Not but he's too ready with his heavy whip," muttered an old soldier-like fellow. "He might chance to strike where no words would efface the welt."

Stories of Hunyadi's extravagance and eccentricity now poured in on all sides. How he had sold an estate to pay the cost of an imperial visit that lasted a week; how he had driven a team of four across the Danube on the second day of the frost, when a heavy man could have smashed the ice by a stamp of his foot; how he had killed a boar in single combat, though it cost him three fingers of his left hand, and an awful flesh wound in the side; and numberless other feats of daring and recklessness were recorded by admiring narrators, who finished by a loud "Elyen" to his health.

I am not sure that I went away to my bed feeling much encouraged at the success of my mission, or very hopeful of what I should do with this magnate of Hungary.

By daybreak, I was again on the road. The journey led through a wild mountain pass, and was eminently interesting and picturesque; but I was no longer so open to enjoyment as before, and serious thoughts of my mission now oppressed me, and I grew more nervous and afraid of failure. If this haughty Graf were the man they represented him, it was just as likely he would refuse to listen to me at all; nor was the fact a cheering one that my client was a Jew, since nowhere is the race less held in honour than in Hungary.

As day began to decline, we issued forth into a vast plain into which a mountain spur projected like a bold promontory into the sea. At the very extremity of this a large mass, which might be rock, seemed to stand out against the sky. "There—yonder"—said the postilion, pointing towards it with his whip; "that is Schloss Hunyadi. There's three hours good gallop yet before us.

A cold snowdrift borne on a wind that at times brought us to a standstill, or even drove us to seek shelter by the wayside now set in, and I was fain to roll myself in my furs and lie snugly down on the hay in the "wagen," where I soon fell asleep; and though we had a change of horses, and I must have managed somehow to settle with the postilion and hand him his "trink geld"—I was conscious of nothing till awakened by the clanking sound of a great bell, when I started up and saw we had driven into a spacious court-yard in which at an immense fire a number of people were seated, while others bustled about harnessing or unharnessing horses. "Here we are, Herr Graf!" cried my postilion, who called me Count in recognition of the handsome way I had treated his predecessor. "This is Schloss Hunyadi."

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## Our Rough, Red Candidate.

THE STORY OF A FRENCH ELECTION.

### I.

CERTAINLY the thought of making a "deputy" (read, French M.P.) of Martin Boulet would never have occurred to anyone save Martin Boulet himself; and that the idea should ever have come to him, Martin Boulet, except as the visionary consequence of a too festive supper, was a thing past the reach of comprehension. It even caused no little consternation amongst us when, in that odd, dry way he had, our friend announced to us his intention of contesting the seat just vacated by M. de Foie-Gras, who had gone to sleep with his forefathers. I use the consecrated term: one could have heard a pin drop.

M. de Foie-Gras had not been buried above ten days, and yet the very night before, the *Moniteur* had come down to us from Paris with the decree convoking the electors of third circonscription of the Departement du Bouillon (*i. e.*, our circonscription) for that day three weeks. This looked like business. By the Constitution of 1852 the Government is allowed to wait six months before issuing a new writ; and a hasty convocation invariably means that the Minister of the Interior fears a close contest, and wishes to leave the Opposition no time for raising the wind. However, the Monitorial decree had not taken us by surprise; we had been expecting it every day since M. de Foie-Gras had been wrapped in his shroud; and from the first we had not wasted a moment in getting our fuel ready, and preparing to make things as hot as possible for the Ministerial nominee.

Three candidates were in the field.

The first was the "candidat officiel," M. de Foie-Gras, junior, the son of his lamented father, the late member; an enraged Imperialist, of course; age, 80; Knight of the Legion of Honour; Ex-attaché at the Court of St. James's; Member of the Jockey Club, &c.

The second was the Legitimist candidate, the noble Count de la Sauce-Piquante, brother of the Duke de la Sauce-Poivrée, whose primitive ancestors appear, by documentary evidence, to have flourished about the time of the deluge. This illustrious personage wore white enamel lilies in guise of shirt-studs, sleeve-links, and waistcoat buttons. He believed emphatically in the divine right of kings; kept up a monthly correspondence with the Count de Chambord, whom he loyally called "Henri V.;" and received the Pope's blessing, by telegraph, every year at Easter-time.

The third candidate was M. Romain-Gigot. He was an Orleanist.

He had been prefect of this very Département du Bouillon before 1848, and, by zealously serving the policy of M. Guizot, had contributed his fair share towards bringing the dynasty he loved to grief. Become wise in his misfortunes, he had set himself once more to advocate liberal principles (he had been a radical before becoming a prefect), and now offered himself to the electors as an "enlightened friend of constitutional freedom."

Of these three we had not been long in making up our mind which to choose. M. de Foie-Gras, as nominee of the prefect, was to be resisted tooth and nail, by hand and foot, by hook and crook. The Count de la Sauce-Piquante would have quite enough of the support of the nobility and of the clericals without our having any need to stir in his favour. There remained, then, M. Romain-Gigot, who was not altogether perhaps the stuff of candidate we should have preferred. But, failing crumb, one must abide content with crust. M. Gigot was pledged to support the Opposition, in case of return; he was a good, pleasant fellow; gave first-rate dinners; and really stood some chance, especially with the tradespeople. After mature deliberation we had decided that he should be our man.

Now, to understand the state of mental commotion into which the sudden declaration of Martin Boulet threw us, I must explain who "we" were, and who Martin Boulet was.

"We" were the writers on the staff of the *Banner*, the Opposition organ of Choufleur—Choufleur being the prefectural town of the department; and Martin Boulet was our editor. He was a curious editor, however; and I suspect there are not many like him, either in France or in any other country. His pet maxim was "chacun pour soi," each for himself; and he pushed the practice of this axiom to its very furthest limits. Each individual member of his staff was as free as the air. He never thought of asking any of us to modify our opinions, or to tone down a single word or a line of our sometimes spitfire articles. The only question he put us, upon offering us an engagement, was, "Are you of the Opposition?" And when "Yes" had been answered, he left us to follow our own devices. We might be Bonapartist-Liberals, Orleanists, moderate Republicans, deep Radicals, red-hot Socialists, or even Legitimists, for all he cared. We were at liberty to advocate what theories we pleased in the columns of his journal. He never deigned to read anything we wrote until it appeared in print, and when—by virtue of the equitable French law which sentences the editor as well as the author of an offending article to imprisonment—he was sent to jail for our misdeeds, he went like a man, without uttering a complaint, and often remarking naïvely to his judges that he had not so much as seen the essay for which he was being condemned.

Naturally, however, he had his own opinions, and very inveterate ones they were; but it was precisely these opinions, and the extraordinary nature of them, that made him so placidly indulgent for the ideas of others. Had he wished to find a staff of writers of his own way of



thinking he must have gone on a pilgrimage to meet them ; for anything more totally incomprehensible than the theories he professed, it would have been impossible to discover. He believed in nothing, positively in nothing. His cool, dry-flavoured scepticism extended to everything. Constituted authority, under any shape or form, he held in abhorrence, and the very sight of a beadle was objectionable to him as embodying the notion of prerogative. It is not very easy to imagine what society would have looked like had he had the ordering of it ; but as one of his pet schemes for the government of men involved the abolition of policemen, prisons, and magistrates, and the granting to each citizen of the right of taking the law into his own hands when wronged, it is probable that under his guidance things would have passed off pleasantly.

And this was the man who wished to stand for the constituency which at the last general election had chosen M. de Foie-Gras !

What would the ghost of the late member think ? M. de Foie-Gras had humbled his backbone before three successive dynasties, let alone the Republic. He cherished the highly proper belief that everything that *is*, is just as it should be. Charles X., Louis Philippe, the Government of 1848, and Napoleon III., had all, turn by turn, been the objects of his affection, and not a doubt but that if a fourth dynasty had sprung up, he would have welcomed it with pleasure.

The generous opinions of this exemplary citizen had earned for him all sorts of honours at the hands of consecutive governments, and a reputation for the highest respectability at the hands of the community. His doctrine of passive obedience to the powers that be had been carefully inculcated by him upon mankind through the medium of many eloquent speeches, and his constituents had been really proud to entrust their interests to so great a personage during an unbroken period of thirty years. There was even some talk of erecting a statue to him, now that he was dead and gone, in order to perpetuate his memory. . . .

None of us ventured to say that we thought Martin Boulet mad when he talked of standing for Chouffleury, but I am sure most of us thought so. We were all gathered together at the office, revising our proof-slips for that evening's impression. I, personally, had just finished a palpitating article in which I compared "our man," Romain-Gigot, casting himself into the electoral gulf, to Marcus Curtius devoting himself *pro bono publico*. I allowed the pen to fall from my hand ; my colleagues lapsed into silence ; and, as I have said before, one would have heard a pin drop.

Little Jules Tartine who presided over the department of "Theatrical Intelligence" in the *Banner*, was the first to recover.

"Good joke," he said, nibbling the end of his quill.

"No joke at all," replied Martin Boulet, in his quiet voice. "This scheme has been maturely ripening in my brain for some time past. I have tried to imagine what would be the face of our prefect Cornichon, if I were elected. And the temptation of throwing that man into a state of delirium for the next three weeks is too strong to be resisted. I never

was more serious in my life. I intend to stand; and I have just drawn up my address. Shall I read it you?"

We declared unanimously that we were impatient to hear the perusal of this document, and in the most natural way possible Martin Boulet began as follows:—

"*To the Electors of the 3rd Circumscription of the Dept. du Bouillon.*

"GENTLEMEN,—The surprise you will probably feel at my presenting myself as a candidate for your suffrages will be only equalled by my own astonishment in the case you should elect me. For having never in my life supported a minister of any kind, nor bowed down to a sovereign, nor cut capers on the floors of princely antechambers to be rewarded with a bit of red ribbon, I am well conscious of my deplorable inferiority to our late esteemed member, who cultivated to such rare perfection the arts of which I humbly avow my ignorance.

"In these days of mechanical progress, when "Paternal Governments" are good enough to lay down grooves in which thought and speech, literature and art, reading and writing, are made to run; in these happy days, when full liberty is given us to cry "bravo!" till we are hoarse at everything that is done by our rulers, and when a safe road to fortune is open to all who will leave their convictions at the toll-gate, it requires some perverseness of mind and—must I say it also—not a little crookedness of character to declare oneself otherwise than perfectly satisfied with all one sees around one.

"That "Empire" means "Peace" is amply proved by the reassuring fact that since his present Majesty has deigned to govern us he has signed peace no less than five times with different Powers against whom he has first made war.

"That the present régime is one of liberty is no less established by the total freedom of action displayed by our prefects in the suppression of newspapers, in the prohibition of public meetings, and in the enlightened prosecutions of all men suspected of having ideas.

"And that the credit of the reigning dynasty does not admit of a moment's doubt, can be incontrovertibly proved by these facts: that for seventeen consecutive years our State budgets have been showing deficits varying from forty millions to a hundred and fifty millions of francs per annum; that three new loans have been issued; that our national debt has been nearly doubled; and that, notwithstanding these trifling circumstances, which would have been more than enough to swamp ten Governments in any land but ours, the Emperor is still on his throne, the ministers continue to hold their posts, and the faith in them is still so little shaken that, if they wanted to borrow more money to-morrow, they would find plenty of idiots to lend it them.

"Gentlemen, I will not trouble you with the articles of my belief. What I have said must sufficiently convince you of my deep admiration for imperial institutions. Should, however, more proofs be needed, I

have only to add that I am indebted to the Empire for having, on fifteen different occasions since the year 1851, been lodged and boarded at the State expense in the model gaol of this city; that six years of hospitality have thus been afforded me by instalments; and that, humbly conscious of never having done anything but speak the truth, I am still wondering to this day what can have procured me the honour of these frequent and flattering attentions.

“ I am, Gentlemen,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ ‘ MARTIN BOULET,

“ ‘ Editor of the *Bannière de Choufleur*. ’ ”

“ You will never dare to issue such an address as that ? ” we all cried out in chorus.

Our editor made no answer, but rose and touched the bell. One of the printer's devils appeared.

“ Take that,” said Martin Boulet; “ and let the compositors set to work on it as soon as possible. I want 50,000 copies of it under form of circulars by this time to-morrow, and 5,000 copies under form of placards, with red letters, this very evening.”

This said, he turned to us calmly, and drawing a cigar from the depths of his pockets, remarked preparatory to lighting it,—

“ I say, my friends, I think we are going to see some hot work; and I shouldn't wonder if, before long, I was under lock and key again. However, you know my maxim, *chacun pour soi*. I mean to plead my own cause every day in the first column of the *Banner*; and you fellows will have the rest of the paper to yourselves as before. None of you need support me. Fight for your own men as much as you please. Write against me even, if you like.”

He struck a match.

“ I am off to the Prefecture,” he added, opening the door. “ I am going to apprise M. Cornichon of my intention. It wouldn't surprise me much if I took away his appetite.”

And without a word more he departed.

We remained staring stupidly at each other for a whole minute without opening our mouths. At last it was Jules Tartine, as before, who found something to say.

“ Good joke,” he exclaimed.

“ Excellent,” drily echoed Claude Toquet, who did the police news; “ but, either I'm much mistaken, or Martin Boulet will have two years of imprisonment, and a ten thousand francs' fine, if he gets himself prosecuted again. I heard what old Dindon, the judge, said to him the last time, when he gave him twelve months for his article on *Napoleon le Petit*, ‘ You're driving on the straight road to Cayenne, M. Boulet. I advise you to take care.’ ”

“ Bah! that's his own look-out,” cried Jacques Meringue, who wrote

the feuilleton. "Martin Boulet knows what he's doing. I vote we support him."

"Of course," exclaimed Tartine.

"We have no choice," said Toquet; "but, in for a penny in for a pound. Hand me the pen, Henri, and let us brew a leader between us for Martin Boulet."

"Make it hot," cried Méringue.

"And strong," shouted Tartine.

As for myself, I looked disconsolately for a moment at my article on Romain-Gigot and Marcus Curtius, and then tore it stoically in twain.

"Hurrah for Martin Boulet," I exclaimed, "et Vive la République!"

## II.

According to the Constitution of 1852, to which I have already alluded, there is one deputy per *circumscription*; and each *circumscription* is supposed to number not less than 35,000, and not more than 52,500, voters. As, however, none are counted as voters but those who are registered, and as a great many people are too careless to go through the registering formalities, it generally happens that a member of the *Corps Législatif* represents from 50,000 to 60,000 adult males; that is, women and children included, a population of perhaps 150,000 or 200,000 souls. This was the case with our circumscription, which comprised no less than 232 *communes* (municipalities), and boasted 49,000 duly registered electors.

It is easy to understand that, in constituencies of this sort, a personal canvass from door to door, as the fashion is in England, must be out of the question.

The third circumscription of the Département du Bouillon was composed of the most heterogeneous elements. Choufleur, its chief town, was a manufacturing city with a population of 60,000 inhabitants. But it was also an archbishopric, and the radical tendencies that usually pervade manufacturing centres were, therefore, kept pretty firmly in check by the influence of the clergy. It is impossible that there should exist a cathedral, a dean and chapter, a vigorous-minded prelate and a college of Jesuits in any town without this army of holy men exercising an influence on the things around them. The Archbishop of Choufleur happened to be one of the lights of the Romish Church. It was impossible to find a seat in the cathedral on the Sundays when he preached; and he was known to be one of those intractable priests who have a will of their own, and the courage to use it. At the former election he had supported the Government candidate, M. de Foie-Gras. The fact is, he was then angling judiciously for a cardinal's hat, a distinction which entails a seat in the Senate. The cardinal's hat had been obtained, and now, his Eminence having nothing more to expect in the way of earthly dignities, was just the sort of man to turn round upon the Government and say, with his unctuous smile: "My conscience forbids me to uphold any but a true

friend of the Church." The true friend of the Church being, of course, in this case, the Count de la Sauce-Piquante, who was of high lineage and held Ultramontane views. The Imperial Government is always undergoing misadventures of this sort. It sets eyes upon an eloquent *cursé*, who seems devoured with Bonapartist zeal. It promotes him to a bishopric, decorates him with the Legion of Honour, persuades the Pope to make him a cardinal; and then, lo, and behold! when all this has been done, the fine, white sheep turns out to be a black one; the ardent Bonapartist becomes a Legitimist, a partisan of the *vieille noblesse*, a fervent servant of the Court of Rome!

With regard to the manufacturing population, there were three great houses, employing from 1,500 to 2,000 hands each. In a general way the masters might count upon the support of their workmen. Not that the workmen were particularly attached to their employers, but that the latter exercised a very sharp supervision on the voting-day. Each master sent his foreman, or went in person, to stand by the ballot-box. As the workmen came up turn by turn and handed their voting-papers to the mayor, note was taken of those whose *bulletins* were blue or yellow instead of white (the latter being the Government colour), and the next day they were sure to be politely dismissed to their hearths and homes. It has frequently been asked, in the Corps Législatif, why the Opposition should not be allowed to have white papers as well as the Government, in order that the ballot may be really secret. But this question is obviously indiscreet, and the Government has never thought good to answer it.

At the last election of M. de Foie-Gras the manufacturers had, like our eminent archbishop, Cardinal Finemouche, supported the official candidate. At that time they were particularly anxious about a new line of rail which the Government had promised to lay down at Choufleury; and the Minister of the Interior had clearly hinted that the only way of obtaining the aforesaid line of rail would be to return M. de Foie-Gras. This had been quite sufficient. But now the new line had been laid, and as the manufacturers were in no particular need of anything for the moment, it was just possible that they, too, might discover they had consciences, and vote which way they pleased.

The tradesmen of Choufleury numbered all kinds of opinions in their ranks; but the large majority of them would probably lean towards M. Romain-Gigot, who was a fellow-townsmen of theirs, bred and born at Choufleury, and a stanch advocate of the thoughts and interests of the *bourgeoisie*, or middle class.

I come now to the rustic population,—the bumpkin hordes around Choufleury,—who, out of the 49,000 voters of the circumscription, formed a preponderating mass of about 30,000. These worthy people were coated with a fine, solid crust of ignorance a good inch thick. Under this crust there were two deep layers of pigheadedness and stupidity; and if one dug a little further, one came upon a few successive strata of bigotry, superstition, and naïve greediness. It was a pleasure to see them vote. The

curé of their parish would go round the village, in company with the mayor, and distribute the official bulletins.

"You know what to do with this, my man?" would say the representatives of Church and State together.

"No," would answer the bumpkin.

"Well, then, you are to come to the *mairie* in ten days from this, and give it back to us."

"Is that all, sir?"

"Yes, that's all, my man. Only you must be mindful what you are about," would add the curé, sternly. "Some heretics are prowling about the neighbourhood, trying to win souls to the devil. Some of them may come to you, and offer you a blue or a yellow paper of this kind. Be careful to burn it at once; for if you kept it so much as an hour, it would cost you a hundred years of hell. You don't much want to go to hell, do you?"

"God forbid! Monsieur le Curé."

"Nor to the guillotine?" would insinuate the mayor; "for those same heretics who are coming this way, maybe to-morrow, or the next day, are Red Republicans, who drink nothing but blood. What they want to do is to set up a guillotine in every village, in order to cut off the heads of the peasants, and then to take their property."

"They'd better not show themselves here, then," would bellow the unhappy bumpkin, turning pale; "for, by our Holy Lady, I'll rip them open with my pitchfork!" . . . .

No more magic than this was needed when the Government and the clergy were of one mind about a candidate. This had always been the case hitherto. But it was difficult to foresee what would happen if the Archbishop of Choufleur were to patronize the Count de la Sauce-Piquante in opposition to M. de Foie-Gras junior, the official nominee. The priests and the mayors would then be at loggerheads in each one of the 292 *communes*, for in the same way as a French mayor owes his post to the prefect, and may be dismissed from it without warning, so also a French *curé* (*i. e.* vicar) owes his cure to his diocesan, and may be sent to the right-about at a simple nod from the latter. It is needless to remark that in case of electoral disobedience, the nod would be given.

This brief sketch of our position will serve to show the state of complete uncertainty in which we all stood on the day when Martin Boulet put himself forward as candidate. The issue of things depended mainly on Cardinal Finemouche. If this holy man consented to support the Government, M. de Foie-Gras would unquestionably be returned by an overpowering majority; the 80,000 rustics led on by the mayors and priests would vote for him without flinching. If, however, the conscientious prelate chose to bestow his favour upon the noble Count de la Sauce-Piquante, the question would remain an open one. The suffrages would be about equally split into three batches,—one voting with the mayors, the other with the clergy, and the third with the tradespeople.



Martin Boulet might possibly pick up a few crumbs from these three cakes. But as to being elected, the thing was so completely beyond the range of probability that had we French been a betting people, I for my part would have cheerfully laid 500 to 1 against him.

Happily for me we French are not a betting people.

## III.

It was on Monday afternoon that Martin Boulet paid his visit to the Prefect, Cornichon. On the Tuesday those who had occasion to see this exalted functionary remarked that there was a look of care upon his brow. M. Cornichon was a man of "order." Having been an ardent republican in his youth, he had of course turned the most despotic of prefects in his riper years. He looked upon the sceptic, Martin Boulet, as a most dangerous, ill-conditioned traitor, and he really regretted—the honest man—that there was no article of the Code Napoleon which would have allowed the Government to hang him without the superfluous formalities of judgment. There was something of a personal feeling, too, in this bitter hatred; for Martin Boulet was one of the most clever writers in the French press, and of all the men upon whom he most loved to exercise his caustic wit, M. le Préfet Cornichon was the first. The *Banner* was a daily paper, but one day out of the seven had been especially set aside for squibs against the Prefect. As sure as each Wednesday came round, M. Cornichon might read a leader about himself in the first two columns of our journal, and the signature of the leader was invariably that of Martin Boulet. There was something diabolical in this choice of Wednesday. Had any other day been selected for these pitiless attacks, M. Cornichon might not have cared so much, but Wednesday was market-day. All the farmers of the neighbourhood came into the town on Wednesdays, and most of them would buy a newspaper to serve them for their week's reading. Now there were three newspapers to choose from, ours, the *Mitre*, which was the clerical organ, and the *Imperial*, the Prefect's own journal. Of course all manner of hindrances were thrown into the way of the *Banner* to impede its sale. The Prefect, making use of the discretionary powers conferred upon him by the laws of 1852, on the press, used to prohibit the newsboys from selling the *Banner* in the public streets. Those who wanted the paper were obliged to come to the office for it, or to go to one of the five booksellers' shops in the town of Chouffleury. This was inconvenient. The office was some way off from the market-place, and two out of the five booksellers refused to take our paper for fear of losing the Prefect's patronage. Nevertheless, ours was somehow the journal which always sold best. On ordinary occasions it cost twenty centimes (2d.), but on market-days the price was lowered to a penny. In addition to this, the Wednesday's number contained a careful summary of the week's news, two letters from humorous correspondents at Paris and Marseilles, and quotations as to the prices of



wheat, barley, and beet-root upon all the markets of Europe. It was an understood thing that we writers on the staff were to take particular pains about our Wednesday articles; all our choicest anecdotes were laid by for that day, and if there was a good tit-bit of scandal amongst the local news it was sure to come out on that lucky market morning. The prefectural gazette did all it could to keep pace with us; but it was no go. As for the *Mitre*, it was a very quiet sort of journal; it kept its price invariably at threepence, appeared but once a week and made no attempt to compete with us. On market-day we usually sold five thousand copies of the *Banner*, and the Prefect used to blaspheme.

One will readily understand, therefore, the intense disgust which was felt by M. Cornichon when Martin Boulet's visit was announced him. Thinking at first that the editor of the *Banner* had been subjected to some police annoyance and was come to complain of it, he made up his features into a sardonic grin, and prepared with as much bitterness as possible to send his enemy about his business. The first words of Martin Boulet fell upon him like a bucket of iced water:—

"I shall not detain you long, Monsieur le Préfet. I'm only come to tell you that I'm going to stand for Choufleury. Pray be good enough to mention the fact to those whom it may concern. Good morning."

He was about to retreat without awaiting an answer when M. Cornichon, who had bounded to his feet and turned very red, stopped him by a wave of the hand.

"Is this a hoax?" he hissed.

Martin Boulet looked at him as though astonished.

"You are the last person I should ever think of joking with," he said, laughing.

"Because if it be not a hoax," continued the Prefect, working himself into a state of fury, "it is an act of frivolous and vexatious mischief. You know as well as I that your chances of being elected are absolutely null, and your only object in coming forward must be a desire to create disorder. I look upon this as a personal insult towards myself."

"You are perfectly at liberty to do so," replied the editor drily.

"And I shall act in consequence," went on the Prefect in a menacing tone.

"I quite counted upon that," rejoined Martin Boulet coolly.

"You will see, sir, what it costs to beard the Government," burst out M. Cornichon, growing redder and redder. "You have been locked up at least ten times.—"

"Fifteen times," said Martin Boulet modestly.

"At least fifteen times, sir, but you have not done yet with fines and imprisonment. I will make you bitterly rue the day when you thought yourself a match for me. Monsieur Martin Boulet, I will show you what a Prefect can do."

"And I, Monsieur le Prefet," answered Martin Boulet with exquisite politeness—"I will show you what a man of wit can do. You declare war against me?"

"You will see, sir—you will see."

"Very well, I accept the challenge. You, with your twenty dozen of mayors, your brigade of police and your absolute authority—I, with my simple quill pen—each of us will do our best; and three weeks hence we shall see who is the winner."

Martin Boulet made a most courteous bow and withdrew. That night he remained sitting up writing, until four o'clock in the morning. When we saw him at mid-day he was correcting with great care the proofs of an enormously long article, which was evidently intended to take up a whole page of the paper. Before sending it to print he handed it us to read. We remained stupefied upon finding that it was a eulogy in six columns on Cardinal Finemouche!

"Read on, read on," cried our editor, silencing our exclamations: "you will see what I am driving at."

We read on and we did see. Martin Boulet had headed his article: "An Earnest Appeal to True Catholics." He began by adverting to the coming election, the which, said he, would be one of the most important ever witnessed. Whatever certain people might say, the contest must undoubtedly be looked upon as one between Religion and Irreligion, between Faith and Scepticism, between Catholicism and Voltairianism. The Government had put forward as its candidate a young man with a godless soul. (Here followed a smart summary of the life of M. de Foie-Gras junior, the gay sportsman of the Paris Jockey Club, the idolized favourite of the betting-ring, the green-room, and the gambling-table, "who had probably not so much as set foot within a church for the last ten years.") Was this the sort of candidate to bring forward in an arch-bishopric? Must not our eminent prelate feel grievously shocked at such a want of regard on the part of the Ministry, and could he honestly reconcile it with his conscience to give his holy support to a young man who would so ill represent the Catholic spirit of this evangelical diocese? (Here an eloquent account of the good done by the worthy Archbishop since he had held the see, and a touching history of his life, in which Jean Joseph Finemouche was compared to St. John, his patron saint, to Thomas Aquinas, to St. Augustine, to Fénelon, to Bossuet, &c. &c. &c.) We might be divided upon the subject of politics, went on the wily journalist, but there could be but one opinion in this diocese on the subject of religion. If there had ever lived a sceptic in Choufleur, that man must have been converted from the very morning when Archbishop Finemouche preached his first sermon in the cathedral. It was impossible to hear the saintly prelate and not feel touched to the soul. Cardinal Finemouche was one of the pillars of Catholicism, one of the beacon-stars of the faithful, the John Chrysostom of the nineteenth century; and it was clearly his duty towards the Church he so well served to choose from amidst his flock a man of virtuous living to represent the third circumscription in the Legislative Chamber.

Martin Boulet wound up by declaring that he personally had put himself forward as candidate, but that his doing so must only be construed as

a protestation against the candidature of M. de Foie-Gras; that he had, in honest truth, not the slightest wish or ambition to become a deputy; and that he should withdraw at once in favour of any Catholic-Liberal (the Count de la Sauce-Piquante, M. Romain-Gigot, or M. Baudet, for instance) whom it might please the Archbishop to support.

Except on Wednesdays, when it appeared at 11 A.M., the *Banner* was usually published at five in the afternoon. At four o'clock on the day following Martin Boulet's visit to the Prefect, a commissary of police and four gendarmes walked into the office to seize the paper. Martin Boulet received them smilingly, offered a seat to the commissary, and put that day's *Banner* into his hand, with the meek request to know what there could possibly be in the paper to merit a seizure. The commissary could scarcely believe his eyes. He had made so sure that there would be some outrageous leader in favour of Martin Boulet's candidature, that he had not thought it worth the while to wait until the paper was offered for sale. He had received his orders from the Prefect, and had come straightway to the office. The "Appeal to True Catholics" staggered him; he turned stupidly over the pages of the journal, but could not find a single line with which to find fault. Martin Boulet had suppressed everything we had written about himself. The paper was entirely made up of laudatory articles about the clergy, the Count de la Sauce-Piquante, M. Romain-Gigot, and a certain M. Baudet, of whom more anon.

The commissary of police made a fearful grimace. It was not the Prefect's game to offend the Archbishop or the Legitimist Count. The former was too powerful, and the latter was one of those ancient noblemen whom the court desired to conciliate. He felt he had put his foot into a trap. However, it was impossible to retreat. He would become the laughing-stock of the whole town, if, after coming to gather wool, he went away shorn. A Frenchman dreads ridicule more than anything.

"Seize the paper!" he said in a hoarse tone to his gendarmes.

The soldiers obeyed, took up the papers, still damp from the press, by armfuls, carted them solemnly into a wheelbarrow, and stalked off with them to the police-station. Martin Boulet gratified himself with a horn-pipe, and fifty minutes afterwards a new edition of the *Banner* was flooding the town. Its four pages were blank, with the exception of the following lines that appeared in large type on the frontispiece:—

"At four o'clock this afternoon the *Banner* was seized by the police, according to the special orders of Monsieur Cornichon. The cause of this arbitrary act is a leader in which, speaking out of the fulness of our admiration, we had alluded to the well-known virtues of our beloved Archbishop, and the just influence which those virtues have earned for him throughout the length and breadth of this diocese. We were perfectly well aware of the indifference—we might almost say the aversion—which is felt by our Prefect for all matters regarding religion. In 1848, at the time when he was yet a republican, he made no secret of his Voltairian proclivities. But we should never have thought that he would so far have

forgotten what is due to the dignity of his office as to have put his public authority at the service of his private antipathies. We speak more in sorrow than in anger. We regret to see a man of such real merit as M. Cornichon so completely led away by his anti-Catholic propensities. And we especially deplore that in the present instance his passion should not have allowed him to reflect that, whilst aiming only at the Church, he was in reality insulting our venerable prelate, and so incurring the grave censure of all who call themselves believers."

This shot fired, Martin Boulet slipped on his dress-clothes, put on a white cravat and white gloves, and bolted off to the archbishopric with a printed copy of the interdicted leader in his pocket. What passed betwixt him and the Cardinal he never told us; but this is certain, that his Eminence, who had only wanted a pretext for supporting the noble Count de la Sauce, caught adroitly at that offered him by our editor. The Prefect could not deny that the *Banner* had been seized; and it would have been idle to pretend that it had been seized by a mistake. The Cardinal had a right to consider himself insulted. He thanked Martin Boulet in his dulcet voice for "having manfully braved persecution on account of the Church;" he gave him his episcopal blessing, and asked him to dinner. The next day the *Mitre* contained a paragraph which threw the whole of Choufleur into a state of commotion. The clerical organ declared in categorical terms that all true Catholics must vote against M. de Foie-Gras.

This was "first blood" to Martin Boulet.

#### IV.

The Prefect was not quite a fool, only three parts of one, as Jules Tartine used to say. When he heard of the blunder committed by the commissary of police, his first impulse was to go and explain everything to the Cardinal, in hopes that much humility might propitiate that personage. But when he saw the article in the *Mitre*, he perceived that it was too late. The promptness of the Archbishop's action in setting his face against the official candidate, without allowing the authorities any time for explanation, was a sufficient proof that the prelate had long been meditating a desertion. M. Cornichon accordingly resolved to waste no time in useless diplomacy, but to follow up the commissary's lead, and combat the clerical party with energy. He wrote that day to the Minister of the Interior to explain what had happened. He admitted that the election must now be a troublesome one, but he bade his Excellency be of good cheer, as victory would certainly rest with the Government in the end.

As M. Cornichon despatched this epistle he had quite sense enough to reflect that if he now allowed himself to be beaten it would be all up with him. A French prefect who loses an election, under circumstances such as this, can always wager with confidence that within three months of his failure he will be recalled.

M. le Préfet Cornichon entered the lists like a gladiator of old, prepared to win or die.

The first thing he did was to send for M. de Brailard, the Procureur Impérial (*i. e.* Public Prosecutor), and give him orders to institute proceedings against Martin Boulet for his article, "An Appeal to True Catholics." In point of fact, he would have preferred waiting until some sharper leader had been written, but he had no option in the matter. When a paper has been seized, the authorities are bound to justify the course by a public trial.

A public prosecutor is not paid to have an opinion of his own: he is paid to do as the Government orders him. M. de Brailard read the article, bowed to M. Cornichon, and went home to make out a summons against the editor of the *Banner* for "*inciting the citizens to hatred and contempt of the authorities.*" This is the set phrase in press prosecutions. It is one of those good indictments of elastic capacity which may be made to net any kind of offence under the sun. When a journalist is indicted for exciting to hatred and contempt of the Government, let him go straight-way and bet ten thousand to one on his conviction: there will be no chance of losing.

Martin Boulet's trial took place four days afterwards. M. Dindon, the judge, had received a wink from M. Cornichon the night before, and the excellent magistrate was at no loss to understand what that wink meant. After a summing up of such indignant vigour that an impartial spectator might have wondered whether M. Dindon were not the counsel for the prosecution, instead of the arbiter between plaintiff and defendant, Martin Boulet heard himself condemned to three months of imprisonment and a fine of ten thousand francs. On the night of the trial, M. Cornichon, meeting M. Dindon at a party, remarked with wonder that he, M. Dindon, was not yet decorated.

"Dear me," he exclaimed, "I thought that you had the cross of honour a long while since: it must be an omission on the part of the Government; but rest easy, judicial integrity like yours deserves reward, and you may rely on me to procure it you." M. Dindon blushed with pleasure. *Mens conscia recti!*

In France a journalist prosecuted for a political offence is not sent to prison immediately after sentence; he is allowed to choose his own time for undergoing his penalty, and sometimes waits several months before surrendering himself prisoner. The French authorities show a certain tact in this respect: so long as a political offender undergoes his sentence they care very little how, when, or where he does so. Martin Boulet, therefore, walked freely away from the court, after hearing his condemnation. "This has served my purpose better than anything," he said, laughing; "imprisonment for a religious leader will make a martyr of me; you will see that before this day week all the Catholics of the town will have left their cards upon me." Of course, the *Banner* made an immense fuss about its editor's trial. Five thousand copies were distributed gratis

in the hamlets and parishes around Chouffey, and as many copies sold in the town itself. As Martin Boulet had predicted, all the clergy and about three hundred of the most fervent worshippers of the Church paid him visits of condolence. The Archbishop gave a special dinner in his honour, and introduced him to the Count de la Sauce-Piquante, to whom he respectfully promised his support. Two ultra-radical papers of Paris, however, astounded to hear that the republican Martin Boulet was so demeaning himself, asked what could be the reason of it; but our editor despatched a member of his staff to Paris to let the Opposition editors into the secret of his game, and the Liberal journals then joined *con amore* in the crafty plan which he was privately devising.

"It is time now to fire my second shot," said Martin Boulet, on the afternoon following the Cardinal's dinner; "and this time M. Cornichon's outworks will be the worse for the battering. One of you fellows must write me a choice leader in favour of M. Baudet."

Who was M. Baudet? I have already alluded to him cursorily, but without entering into particulars. M. Baudet was the wealthiest manufacturer in Chouffey. His own firm, "Baudet and Son," employed fifteen hundred workmen; but the house of "Machin, Chose and Company" having suddenly failed, M. Baudet had added their establishment to his, so that, counting the two houses together, he had no less than three thousand two hundred "hands" in his pay. To a man of some brains this proud position might have inspired ambitious ideas, but M. Baudet was not made of aspiring stuff. The mission of some men on earth is to soar, that of others to waddle: M. Baudet was of the latter class. His mind was like one of the looms in his manufactory: it worked only in uniform movements and fabricated only a certain kind of thoughts. Just as no one would ask a cotton-loom to spin silk, so no one would have asked M. Baudet to indulge in any ideas but those that concerned his manufactory and the administration thereof. M. Baudet rose at stated hours, took his meals at settled times, did all he had to do at fixed moments, and was altogether as fair an instance as might be found of the state of mechanism to which a living being can be reduced by a constant intercourse with machinery. And yet it was this breathing combination of wheels, spindles, and bobbins, out of which Martin Boulet had conceived the idea of making a parliamentary candidate!

As may be concluded from his manner of going to work, Martin Boulet had really very little thought of becoming himself a deputy. In common with a great many Frenchmen of the same extreme views as himself, all he looked to in an election was the success of the Opposition candidate, whoever that candidate might be. If he were a republican, so much the better; if not, an Orleanist would do as a substitute; and if an Orleanist were not forthcoming, why a Legitimist might be accepted in his place. The great point was to beat the Imperial Government. Martin Boulet hated the Government, and he had taken it into his head, this time, that



the official candidate should *not* be returned, if he and his cunning could help it. You do not know in England what an "official candidate" is, and cannot therefore understand the immense price that the Government sets on his return. It is a man whom the Minister of the Interior picks up one morning—it does not particularly matter where—and to whom he says in discreet terms: "Monsieur, we have in such and such a department a fine stupid lot of bumpkins, as benighted a collection as you could ever hope to meet with from one end of the empire to the other. Well, relying upon the hopeless stupidity of these dolts and their blind subservience to their rulers, we gave them right of suffrage in 1851, so that, funny as it may seem to you, they have a vote apiece and a deputy between fifty thousand of them. After looking about me for a man well suited to represent this mass of concrete ignorance in the Corps Législatif, I have made up my mind that there is no person more fit for the work than yourself. You will take the train, therefore, and go down to the constituency. The Prefect will take you in hand, march you about from village to village, and pay your costs of advertising, bill-sticking, and occult bribery out of the tax-payer's money. The thing will not cost you a penny. You will be elected, you will come to Paris each winter to legislate, and you will receive the salary of twelve thousand francs a year which the nation awards to its deputies. All we ask you in return is to vote as we tell you; for, as you quite understand that you will owe your election entirely to us, you must consider yourself as holding a government appointment neither more nor less."

In nine cases out of ten the official candidate comes out of the contest with flying colours. At the general election of 1857 the Opposition carried five seats only out of two hundred and seventy five; in 1863 they were a little more successful, that is, they counted twenty-three victories to two hundred and sixty defeats. The pressure exercised by the Prefects is too strong to be resisted anywhere but in large towns, and it was a fantastic idea on the part of Martin Boulet to have ever thought of waging war with the Government in such a circumscription as that of Chouffleury, where the bumpkin element predominated.

But this was his scheme: In the first place to set the Prefect and Archbishop at variance, in order to deprive the official candidate of the support of the clergy; in the second, to put his own name forward, in order that the extreme radicals, who might have abstained from voting rather than give their suffrages to such men as the Count or M. Gigot, might come to the ballot-boxes and swell the number of opposers; in the third, to get M. Bandet to stand, so that the votes of the manufacturing interest might be lost to the government; and, in the fourth, to bring about a coalition of the four independent candidates, that is, to bind them by this agreement—that if the election were not decided by a first ballot, all the Opposition votes should be made over to the one out of the four amongst them who should have been most successful on the first day.



To understand this last clause, it must be recollected that, in France, no candidate can be returned unless he have obtained a clear majority of the whole number of votes actually polled. For instance, if there be thirty thousand and ten voters in a constituency, it needs fifteen thousand and six suffrages to validate his election. If, therefore, there be five candidates, one for the Government and four against it, and the Government candidate obtain more votes than any of his rivals, without, however, attaining to the fifteen thousand and six needed, the ballot must be begun again. The voting might continue indefinitely if, on the second ballot day, the same five candidates came up as at first; but it is usual with the independents to form an alliance beforehand, and the Government candidate is generally left to compete alone on the second day with the one out of his four adversaries who obtained most suffrages on the first ballot. The retiring candidates, of course, take the precaution of begging their supporters to vote for the man in whose favour they have withdrawn.

If Martin Boulet could prevail upon M. Baudet to stand, the fate of M. de Foie-Gras would be pretty nearly certain; for, with the clerical, the commercial, the manufacturing, and the radical interests against him, he would have positively none but such peasants as the mayors could intimidate to rely on. The difficulty was, however, to persuade M. Baudet. Martin Boulet called upon the Archbishop to talk the matter over with him. The Archbishop had naturally as much interest as any one to see the manufacturer stand, for, upon the coalition system, if his own candidate, M. de la Sauce-Piquante, could only beat his three brother independents in the first ballot, he would have all their votes on his side for the second. The name of M. Baudet represented 6,000 suffrages at least to be gathered in the different manufactures. The Cardinal reflected that, tagged on to the 8,000 or 9,000 which he anticipated obtaining of his own influence for the Count, these votes would carry the clerical man through like a cannon-ball.

"Yes, monsieur," he said, stroking his well-mown chin, "it would be highly desirable that M. Baudet should stand."

"I think your Eminence might effect this," remarked the journalist, respectfully.

The Cardinal thought so too; but he kept silent to hear what Martin Boulet had to say.

"M. Baudet has a wife," ventured the editor, after a discreet cough.

"Who is very regular in her attendance at the cathedral," interpolated the prelate, with unmoved seriousness.

"Precisely, Monseigneur; and if your Eminence——"

Cardinal Finemouche, who knew all the wiles of diplomacy, interrupted Martin Boulet by an amiable smile. The latter understood that his Eminence accepted the rôle that was submitted to him; but that he wished to keep up appearances by seeming to ignore the little plot. He rose, therefore, to take his leave. The Archbishop held out his white

hand, and looking archly at the astute Republican: "M. Boulet," said he, "I wish you would give me an opportunity of supporting *you* in an election. A journalist of your talent would be a great gain to the Church party."

"What must I do, Monseigneur?"

"Why, be as good a Catholic when the present election is over as you are pretending to be now."

"If there were more bishops like your Eminence there would be fewer sceptics like myself," replied Martin Boulet, gallantly; "but you must own, Monseigneur, that you are often indebted to us infidels for a very great pleasure."

"Which pleasure?"

"Why that of converting us, my lord; and if I may judge from the danger I feel myself to be running in your Eminence's presence, that pleasure must be no new sensation to you. But I must make my bow, Monseigneur, or else I shall be deserting my camp, and then what would my patron, St. Voltaire, say?"

The Cardinal and the journalist both laughed, and parted the best friends possible. A police spy, who had been placed near the archbishopric to report to M. Cornichon the names of all who went in and all who came out, set down on his notes that M. Martin Boulet issued from the Cardinal's "with a joyful face." Whilst the Prefect was pondering over this bit of news, and wondering what infernal bit of mischief the editor could have been brewing now, a second message arrived, to the effect that, at four o'clock, his Eminence's carriage had carried off the Cardinal and his chaplain to the suburban district where most of the great manufacturers had their private villas. M. Cornichon, who had not yet begun his canvass amongst the manufacturers, turned pale; but when the third message announced that Monseigneur Finemouche had gone to the house of M. Baudet, and had remained there three hours, the Prefect gave vent to a horrible oath, rang furiously at his bell, and ordered his brougham.

"Drive to M. Baudet's," he shouted to his footman, throwing himself wildly into the carriage. "Be quick; don't lose a minute."

The horses started off, and rattled at a racing pace through the town, M. Cornichon turning restlessly upon his seat, and swearing peevishly whenever his steeds seemed to lag. All at once, however, the wheels came to a standstill. An immense buzzing crowd was sweeping round the brougham, and completely choking up the thoroughfare. It was in Casserolle Street, where the office of the *Banner* was. The Prefect let down one of the glasses, and put his head through the window; but he had no sooner done so than he fell back again speechless and despairing. The newspaper-office was glaringly illuminated from roof to basement, and upon an immense sheet, that hung from the windows of the sixth floor to those of the second, was painted in flaming letters a foot high, "*The new Liberal Candidate for Choufleur is M. BAUDET*;" and a little

lower, "VOTE FOR ONE OF THE FOUR LIBERAL AND INDEPENDENT CANDIDATES:—

LA SAUCE-PIQUANTE,  
ROMAIN-GIGOT,  
ANON BAUDET,  
OR  
MARTIN BOULET."

The crowd was cheering!

"Drive back home," said M. Cornichon, mournfully. "That cursed scribbler has stolen a march upon me," he added to himself. "He has wrought more in these ten days, and of himself alone, than all the rest of the town put together. I'm done for now, unless something new turns up; but I vow he shall find his victory dearly bought."

So spake M. Cornichon; but Martin Boulet, who was standing at his window fomenting the excitement of the mob, had noticed the Prefect's carriage, and was grinning diabolically. "Vive M. Cornichon!" he cried, waving his hat; and the crowd, ever ready to yelp at its oppressors, when it can do so with impunity, first looked to see that there were no gendarmes coming, and then howled hideously to vent its spleen.

Ignobile vulgus! . . . .

#### V.

But ten days remained before the time of election. Martin Boulet had not yet issued his address, although the printed copies of it had been lying at his office for more than a week. The *Banner* also spoke very little about its editor's candidature, but a great deal about those of the three other gentlemen, who were leaving not a stone unturned to make the contest a hot one. As the French law does not allow public meetings for political purposes, there could be no tumultuous gatherings such as Englishmen are used to; but the independents did their best to slip through the meshes of the law by giving a series of colossal dinners, to which two or three hundred people were invited at a time, and at which mildly seditious speeches were made at dessert. The Prefect, who did not wish to put forth all his power without having first tried persuasive means, paid a visit to each of the four candidates separately, and made heroic attempts to win them over to him. To M. de la Sauce-Piquante he promised a post of minister plenipotentiary, if he would only withdraw from the contest: he was specially empowered by the Ministry to make the offer, he added; and in this he spoke the truth, for the Government neglects no means of inducement on such occasions. To M. Romain-Gigot he represented that the Emperor desired nothing better than to make a senator or a prefect of him again if he would only rally himself to the Imperial dynasty. To M. Baudet he held up the certain promise of the Legion of Honour, and an appointment as mayor of Choufleur, if only

the manufacturing "hands" would support M. de Foie-Gras. And, finally, to Martin Boulet, the Republican, M. Cornichon declared that if the *Banner* and its editor would only remain neutral in the coming struggle, the three months of prison and the ten thousand francs fine incurred by Martin Boulet would be remitted him by a Ministerial pardon.

These conciliatory advances failed most signally. The Count de la Sauce-Piquante stared coldly at M. Cornichon, and pretended not to understand him. M. Romain-Gigot answered grandly that he had never sold his conscience. M. Baudet, who had been coached by his faithful spouse, stammered something, and referred the Prefect to that lady. Madame Baudet, who had quite wit enough to see that her husband would obtain anything he liked from the Government, if he consented to sell his vote when once in the Corps Législatif, felt that it would be like killing the goose with the golden eggs to retire from the fight. "I will ask you for the Legion of Honour when M. Baudet is a deputy," she said, merrily; "and you will not refuse it then, I am sure." As for Martin Boulet, he listened gravely to the Prefect's offer, and then replied, with mock solemnity:

"Monsieur le Préfet, I regret extremely that I should be unable to accept your conditions; but I hold them to be so exceedingly generous that I shall certainly make them known to all my readers. Our conversation shall appear in large type on the first page of the *Banner* this very afternoon."

If M. Cornichon could have sentenced Martin Boulet to be boiled publicly in the market-place, it is certain he would have done so with the sincerest joy.

M. de Foie-Gras, the official candidate, had not hitherto put in an appearance at Choufleur. He had been going the round of the rural districts in the company of the two hundred and thirty-two mayors, but had not been quite so successful as he had hoped. The bumpkins had, most of them, more fanaticism than partisanship. They listened to their euréés in preference to their mayors; and M. de Foie-Gras had ample occasion to see that their feelings of enthusiasm for him were below freezing-point. One morning he made his solemn entry into Choufleur, and put up at the best hotel; that where M. de la Sauce-Piquante already lodged. To do him justice, he was not much cast down by the unusual coldness with which he had been met by his bumpkin constituents. It was not in the nature of that young man to be cast down at anything. To begin with, he was not in the least excitement about his election. He looked upon the Prefect in the light of an electoral agent, whose business it was to get him through: and if he failed, he was quite aware that a nomination to the Council of State awaited him (M. de Foie-Gras) by manner of consolation. There were also plenty of other circumscriptions into which the Government would easily push him if the people of Choufleur would not have him. He was rich, of good blood, of high connection, and a mighty favourite at Court, where he led the "*cotillons*" at the State balls. The Government had more need of him than he had of the Government.

"I can very well live and enjoy myself without being a deputy," he soliloquised one day ; "but the Ministry is not likely to find many men who would vote so obediently as I without asking questions. I am a fish worth hooking."

To this happy philosophical disposition M. de Foie-Gras joined a keen taste for sporting. He had acquired it in England, and everything that resembled a race was sure to afford him relish. Therefore the prospect of a close contest was likely to please him much more than a "walk-over ;" and when, on the day of his arrival at Choufleur, M. Cornichon announced to him that his prospects were less brilliant than he had hoped, the young man received the news with something akin to pleasure. It was a new sensation to find that he was amidst a population beginning to simmer with independence. Having often heard his father say that the French were the most abject curs under heaven when governed by a strong hand, he was a little anxious to see how the "curs" of Choufleur were going to shake themselves clear of the official collar and tether so long imposed upon them. He was also not a little anxious to catch a sight of Martin Boulet, about whom he was beginning to hear so much. It was Martin Boulet who, day and night, was running about the town talking over the workmen, and saying gallant things to their wives. It was Martin Boulet who was keeping his three brother Liberals up to their work ; burning incense under the nose of the Count de la Sauce, the better to drag that exalted person into out-of-the-way holes and hovels, where the Legitimist lord, making ghastly efforts to smile, kissed dirty-faced children, and put golden *louis* into their hands. It was Martin Boulet who, arm in arm with M. Romain-Gigot, the "ex-prefet du Bouillon," canvassed the shops of the local tradesmen, and inserted long puff advertisements in the *Banner* for them gratuitously. It was Martin Boulet who wrote eloquent leaders about "our influential and illustrious compatriot, M. Baudet, whose commercial celebrity extended from the Seine to the Ganges, and from the Thames to the Mississippi." M. Baudet, who had never suspected himself to be so great a personage, began to find that the world seemed of a brighter colour to him than it had ever done before. Visions of stars and crosses, senators' robes and noble coronets, were beginning to flit across his fleecy cotton brain. A seat in the Corps Législatif might lead to anything ; and his breath was cut right short when Martin Boulet insinuated calmly that it was out of men such as he (M. Baudet) that sovereigns were wont to make Cabinet Ministers. Yes, it was Martin Boulet who was doing all these things. It was he who was everywhere and anywhere ; running hither and thither, missing not a chance nor an opportunity, but speaking always for others, never for himself, and winning adherents by the hundreds from the simple fact that, instead of saying "Vote for me, the Republican," he cried only, "Vote for one of us four, no matter which ; the Government offers you but one candidate, whilst we give you four to choose from."

"The man is a very devil," remarked the Prefet, "and what is

worse, he is keeping out of my clutches. He has issued no address yet, so that there is no pretext for having him arrested for sedition; and his articles are all so carefully worded that there is no means of seizing his paper again."

"He must be a pleasant fellow to know," reflected M. de Foie-Gras, going back to his hotel. M. Cornichon had organized a monster meeting for that evening at the theatre of Chouffeuzy: the official candidate was to address the crowd, and of course he was going to devote an hour to his toilet to be smart for the occasion.

He had just adjusted his white cravat, when his valet entered with a card. "The gentleman is waiting in the drawing-room," he said.

"Ah!" exclaimed M. de Foie-Gras; and he ran down at once, for he had read the name on the card: it was that of Martin Boulet.

The journalist was dressed in the height of fashion. M. de Foie-Gras, who was a great stickler in the matter of attire, remarked with a feeling amounting to respect that M. Martin Boulet's coat was a *chef-d'œuvre* which even a member of the Jockey Club might envy. As for the trousers, they were simply celestial; and the effect created by the boots was so magical that M. de Foie-Gras was just on the point of asking the name of the crafty artificer who had made them, when happily he remembered that he had before him an enemy and a rival. He bowed with dignity, but keeping his eyes attentively fixed on his opponent's waistcoat, which was of a new cut.

Martin Boulet, who was equally at his ease with a cardinal, with a prefect, or with a dandy, entered smilingly upon the motives of his visit, and made his antagonist laugh before he had uttered ten words. This was a good beginning. "Sit down, monsieur," said the young man, wandering from the waistcoat to the satin scarf, and asking himself why the deuce it was that his own scarves would never sit so well.

"Monsieur le Marquis," began the editor—(M. de Foie-Gras was not a marquis, but he loved to don that title when travelling abroad, and he had made certain timid ventures to wear it at home: for instance, his handkerchiefs were all embroidered with a coronet. He accordingly blushed up to the ears with pleasure on hearing this apostrophe)—"Monsieur le Marquis," repeated the journalist, "my name is probably little known to you, so that I shall not be saying much if I tell you that I have the honour of being your antagonist in the present election. However, it is necessary that you should be apprised of that fact, as well as of this other, that I am the editor of one of the two daily prints in this town."

M. de Foie-Gras bowed.

"I am one of your constant readers, Monsieur," he replied, with courteous presence of mind.

"Then I condole with you, Monsieur le Marquis," returned Martin Boulet gravely: "for it is a great infliction to me to be obliged to read even my own articles in the *Banner*, and I should no more think of reading those of my staff than I should think of drinking rhubarb for dinner."



M. de Foie-Gras' features relaxed into an incipient giggle. He saw that the journalist was not a bird to be caught with chaff.

"I have never so much as set eyes on your paper," he said frankly; "but I have heard a great deal about it. Do you smoke? Here are some capital cigars. Let us light up and talk at ease."

The cigars proved excellent. Martin Boulet—who, when he chose to try, could talk like Talleyrand, Sheridan, and Sydney Smith all three rolled together—kept the official candidate in a blissful state of political oblivion, good-humour, and mental intoxication for a whole hour and a half. He took him as a skilful cook would have taken a fowl, larded him with thin slices of delicate praise, rolled him about in a soft white flour of compliments, trussed him adroitly with a pointed homage to his high name, his immense influence and the rest of it, and subjected him to a delicate browning before a clear fire of flattery. He praised him and everything about him: the "*Marquis's*" racing-stud, his successes on the turf, his conquests over the fair sex, his princely extravagance over the gambling-table: all these topics were handled in such a way as only a Frenchman can understand. M. de Foie-Gras was like a child in the journalist's hands, or, better still, he was like a man who is being soaped in a Turkish bath by a first-class shampooer. The sensation was delightful: he thought Martin Boulet the most agreeable man he had ever come across, and for the sum of two sous he would have kissed him on both cheeks.

When Martin Boulet saw that he had fairly trapped his man, then—but not until then—did he proceed to unburden his mind. He had come, he said, to explain to the "*Marquis*" on what grounds he had attacked him with such seeming bitterness in the *Banner*. He wished M. de Foie-Gras to understand that he had not the faintest desire to be disagreeable to him personally, and that it was only in accordance with the exigencies of political warfare that he thus ventured to draw his pen against him. He hoped, however, that the "*Marquis*" would bear him and his party no ill will, and would not imagine that they meant all they said when they declared him unfit to represent the constituency. For the matter of that, Martin Boulet thought that "*Monsieur le Marquis*" would make an infinitely better deputy than either of the other four candidates; and, had he come forward on his own account, the *Banner* would have had great pleasure in supporting him. But it was the official patronage to which thinking people objected. It was the taking an educated and intelligent man, who had quite merit and talent enough to press his own claims in person, and promenading him about from street to alley, from village to hamlet, under the wing of peasant mayors, whose indiscreet and blustering patronage made him look ridiculous.

M. de Foie-Gras, who remembered the very poor figure he had cut in his rural circuit, coloured slightly, and felt that his interlocutor might be saying the truth. He was quite convinced of it when the editor added, with courtier-like suavity of tone:—"Our country people are not all so



stupid as they seem, Monsieur le Marquis. They have quite sense enough to discern between a man of birth and talent and an absurd clown. You would have carried all before you had you presented yourself as an independent; but really—excuse the comparison—when people see a Foie-Gras walking about at the heels of men like these mayors and prefects, one cannot help thinking of a thorough-bred racer who would allow himself to be harnessed with a jackass."

This was a stinger. The young man grew red and bit his lips. He looked with a sort of humility upon the sparkling journalist. He reflected that this well-dressed, witty, and talkative fellow was one of the most influential writers in France; that he was hand in glove with all the literary men of Paris; that the columns of every journal in the empire were open to him; and that if he only took it into his head to publish a humorous account of his (M. de Foie-Gras') odyssey through the electoral circumscription of the *Bouillon*, he might splash him with ridicule from top to toe. M. de Foie-Gras thought with horror of what it would be if ladies began to titter when he entered a drawing-room; if those infernal journalists, who manage to creep in everywhere, complimented him sarcastically upon strutting about the country arm in arm with retired cheese-mongers, pork-butchers, and tallow-chandlers. True it was that really great men made light of ridicule, and bore it good-humouredly until it wore off. But M. de Foie-Gras was modest enough to feel that he was not a great man, and that if once men of wit began to laugh at him he should have no more peace or joy on earth.

"And have you—been—been writing all this that you say in the papers?" he asked, trying to look unconcerned, but stammering nervously.

"No, not yet," answered Martin Boulet. "The last thing I wrote upon you, M. le Marquis, is this: it appears in the *Banner* of this evening." And the editor handed a paper to the official candidate. The latter tore it open, and almost devoured its contents. As he read, however, his features gradually relaxed: by degrees an expression of relief stole over his face, and at last his eyes gleamed with visible satisfaction. The article described Raoul de Foie-Gras as a Brummell, a Don Juan, and a Brillat-Savarin. It exaggerated his wealth, his prodigality, and his luxury; it spoke of his amatory triumphs as if they were things known from one end of Europe to the other; and it depicted him as a connoisseur who could tell the year of a wine's vintage with his eyes blindfolded. The conclusion of this racy portrait was of course that M. de Foie-Gras would do better to return to Paris, and lead the fashion there, than to come down and dazzle poor devils in the country; and that, above all, if he valued "his reputation of *homme d'esprit*" and "*galant homme*," he would, the next time he came forward to compete for a seat, have the manliness and courage to stand upon his own merits only, and shake himself clear of prefects who wore cotton gloves, mayors who wore no gloves at all, and police spies, who only served to cast odium and ridicule upon those they served.

Ambrosia must have been less delectable to the gods than was this leader to the young Parisian. He would have lost twenty elections for a few articles of this kind. He could scarcely refrain howling for joy when Martin Boulet told him that a fellow to it had been sent to the chief Paris papers,—the famous *Figaro* amongst them. However, for the form of the thing, he pretended to look grave.

"You have handled me pretty roughly, Monsieur," he observed.

"Alas, yes," replied the journalist; "and I am afraid that if after that you try to canvass amongst our virtuous matrons, you will have the respectable confraternity of husbands down upon you like a nest of hornets. You have become in Choufleurly the 'triste loup stabulis.'"

M. de Foie-Gras twirled his moustache and looked at himself in the glass. He even hummed the well-known madrigal:—

Enfant chéri des dames,  
Je fus en tout pays  
Fort bien avec les femmes,  
Mal avec les maris.

"You're caught, too, my young lordling," muttered Martin Boulet *sotto voce*; and the next words of M. de Foie-Gras confirmed his reflection, for after walking twice meditatingly up and down the room, the official candidate stopped and said:

"M. Boulet, I was to have addressed a public meeting to-night. . . ."

"You are fortunate, Monsieur le Marquis. We of the Opposition are not allowed thus to address our constituents: an imperial law prohibits public meetings; and it is only those who, like M. Cornichon, are commissioned to enforce the laws, who may venture so openly to break them."

"Exactly," returned M. de Foie-Gras, nodding. "Well, I don't think all this is fair game. I don't want to win by undue advantages. I shall not attend this meeting, and I shall tell M. Cornichon that I mean to fight my battle without his patronage."

At this moment the rattling of wheels was heard, and a carriage pulled up with a clatter before the door of the hotel. Martin Boulet looked through the window. "Talk of the devil!" he exclaimed. "Here is the Prefect."

"Yes, he has come to fetch me," answered the young man. "But hide yourself in the next room, M. Boulet, and leave the door open: you will hear how I receive him."

The journalist had just time to beat a retreat when M. Cornichon entered: his prefectural uniform upon him, his sword by his side, and his red ribbon upon his breast. Before he had had leisure to open his mouth, Raoul de Foie-Gras had assumed an imposing attitude, as that of Julius Cæsar refusing the crown. "Monsieur le Préfet," he said, "I have been thinking the matter over. To make a good tussle there should be fair fighting; and we are not fighting fairly. The magistrates, the police, and the gendarmerie are doing our work, and dirty work it is. I have made up

my mind to come forward unsupported. I am very much obliged to the Government for its patronage; but henceforth I mean to dispense with it."

M. Cornichon rubbed his eyes to know if he were dreaming. As for M. de Foie-Gras, he reflected that all the papers in the empire would speak on the morrow of his disinterestedness,—that the Liberals would extol him, that society would look with respect upon him, and that, whether he succeeded or failed, he would become from that moment a "personage," a man of mark, a being out of the common.

"Je serai célèbre," he murmured; and once more he surveyed himself in the glass with evident complacency.

The day after his interview with M. de Foie-Gras, Martin Boulet issued his famous address. But M. Cornichon, the Prefect, was not a man to joke in matters of revenge: he had promised his republican adversary that he would wreak his vindictiveness upon him, and he meant to keep his word. He had had no difficulty in guessing that M. de Foie-Gras' magnanimity was a piece of Martin Boulet's work; and the editor's address had not left the office above an hour before all the copies of it that had been intended for pasting on walls had been seized as seditious. At the same time M. de Brailard, the public prosecutor, made out a new summons against the journalist on the old indictment of exciting to hatred and contempt of the Government. Martin Boulet retaliated by flooding the town and country with his address in the form of circulars. These, being placed under envelope as private letters, were not liable to seizure. The Prefect, however, made nought of this legal difficulty, but ordered the confiscation of all the copies that could be found. Hereupon the journalist addressed a petition to the Council of State for leave to prosecute the Prefect on the charge of unlawful and arbitrary conduct. The Paris papers began to grow excited about this extraordinary election, and M. Cornichon was knocked about by the Liberal press as he had never been before in his life.

Just a week before the eventful day, he received this telegram from the Minister of the Interior: "You must win at all hazards. Take no heed of what M. de Foie-Gras says. Back him up *volens volens*. The Liberals here are talking of nothing else but this contest; if they win, it will be a triumph for them and a snub for us."

There was no mistaking the tone of this despatch. The *Banner*, for the first time since a fortnight, had that very day advocated its editor's candidature. The Prefect sent as before to have it seized, but this time the gendarmes put chains and padlocks on the presses and closed the office. A guard was set at the door, and the next morning a prefectural decree suppressing the paper altogether was pasted up about the town. Of course the decree was accompanied by the notice of a new prosecution on the part of M. Brailard, so that Martin Boulet had thus two criminal trials on hand. But he was not to be daunted at this. Immediately he entered into relations with the editor of the *Mitre*, to

whom he paid a round sum of money for a fortnight's purchase of his journal. Five days before the election the *Mitre* announced that it would, until further notice, appear daily, and that copies of it might be had gratis on application at the office. M. Cornichon was, however, getting desperate. A French prefect is liable to no prosecution unless the Council of State authorise the proceedings; and this it rarely or, to speak more correctly, never does, so that a prefect can do pretty nearly what he pleases without having to bear the consequences. M. Cornichon resolved to strain his power to the utmost: he peremptorily suppressed the *Mitre* as he had done the *Banner*; he ordered a third prosecution to be instituted for sedition against Martin Boulet; he flatly prohibited all meetings of the independent candidates with their supporters on the pretext of dining together or holding parties; he caused all the addresses of the four Liberals to be torn off the walls in the streets, and he gave all the priests of the diocese to understand that if they attempted to urge the claims of the Opposition upon their hearers, he would have them arrested in their pulpits.

Indignant at all this, M. de Foie-Gras endeavoured to protest. He felt he was being treated as a little boy, and was on tenter-hooks lest Martin Boulet should suspect that he had a hand in any of these persecutions. He plainly told the Prefect that he would not be thus supported against his will; but M. Cornichon, tired of his clamour and determined to hoist him into the seat whether he liked it or not, paid not the smallest attention to anything he said.

Wherever he turned, M. de Foie-Gras saw enormous placards with his own name upon them, staring him in the face. The Prefectural journal, now the only paper in the town, was being distributed gratis each day by cartloads; and at the head of the front page, the unhappy official candidate could always read the hateful words: "Vote for M. de Foie-Gras, the Government candidate." Nor was this all. M. Cornichon, who knew the wholesome effect of a little seasonable terror upon the masses, had ordered the Colonel of the garrison to patrol armed companies of soldiers through the streets by day and night, as though the authorities of the town dreaded a revolution. This is a very favourite trick when a prefect wants to intimidate the working-classes; and it rarely misses its aim. To crown all, a dozen artisans, who had been heard saying in a public-house that they should vote for Martin Boulet, were arrested on the charge of holding an illegal and seditious meeting, and sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

In the midst of all this, Martin Boulet's three trials came on. No time is lost in such cases. The last of the indictments had been made out on a Wednesday. On the Friday—that is, two days before the election day (which is always a Sunday in France)—the republican journalist appeared at the criminal bar. As every one knows, there is no jury for political offences. M. Dindon was the judge as before. With the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, or rather the hope of it,

dangling before his eyes, he convicted Martin Boulet on the three counts of seditious writing and treason, mulcted him in a fine of 50,000 francs, and condemned him to two years' imprisonment.

When the unabashed Boulet left the court, he found all the avenues to it blocked up with armed squadrons of cavalry. It had been feared that the people would manifest their sympathies for the plucky editor, and the soldiers had formal orders to charge on the first symptoms of a gathering. The crowd, however, kept its distance. But all that afternoon, and all that evening, Martin Boulet himself, his staff, and a hundred volunteers he had enrolled, were spreading through the town and suburbs, distributing the bright scarlet voting-papers that bore his name; and on all sides promises were gathered that the papers would be well employed on the trysting day.

"Do you know," he said to me, whilst he was dining placidly a few hours after his condemnation—"Do you know, I have an idea that I shall be elected? The thought had never occurred to me till three or four days ago. All I had cared for then was to carry one of the Opposition candidates through. But, during all this week, old Cornichon has been overdoing his game. By all these vexations and prosecutions he has brought my name into everybody's mouth. Our townsmen are beginning to pity me and to feel proud of me. My not having canvassed much for myself is also a point in my favour. People will set it down for magnanimity and disinterestedness. The Prefect is an ass and a blunderer. He has succeeded in discontenting every one, without much frightening anybody except a few poor workmen; whilst I, on the contrary, have, without trying to do so, made myself a host of friends. I am sure I must have shaken a thousand hands since my sentence this morning. I have had nothing but visits all day."

Jules Tartine here entered.

"I have just been sowing good seed," he said, mopping his streaming brow. "I have been on my legs since noon, and have distributed 700 of your bulletins with my own hand. Pour me out a glass of wine now, Master Boulet, and let us drink your health."

"Put on your best clothes for Sunday," laughed out our editor, pouring out the liquid; "and prepare yourselves for a treat. I am meditating a *coup-de-théâtre* for that day, and you will see if it does not raise the odds to something like two to one in my favour."

We drank his health with no heeltaps; and had it not been that we were in a public restaurant, we should have bellowed "*Vive la liberté*" till we were hoarse.

## VI.

The sun rose on the morning of the election as brightly as for a wedding-feast. The day before had been employed in the unceasing distribution of red bulletins; and, as on the Friday of his committal,

Martin Boulet had been positively besieged with visitors from dawn till dusk. Amongst these visitors our editor's three Liberal competitors had been the first; and both M. de la Sauce-Piquante, M. Gigot, and M. Baudet were loud in their thanks for all he had done for them. Towards the evening M. de Foie-Gras had appeared, pale and miserable, to give an account of himself, and declare that it was not his fault if the Prefect supported him so perseveringly. Martin Boulet, who knew this very well, but who had his reasons for desiring to frighten the luckless official candidate, answered drily that M. de Foie-Gras must be jesting; that M. Cornichon would not be working for him as he was if he had received no encouragement; but that if things really were as "Monsieur le Marquis" stated, then all that Martin Boulet could say was that he pitied him. He added that the position of a man who was being thrust forward against his will was so utterly singular that it deserved to be made special mention of, and that he should certainly send up to the Paris papers an article entitled "Le Candidat Malgré Lui," which would make people laugh. The wretched M. de Foie-Gras knew what this menace meant, and felt a cold perspiration ooze over him. "You must not do that," he gasped imploringly.

"Indeed I will, though," answered the editor, and he went out slamming the door.

The early train on the Sunday brought down the pick of the Liberal journalists of Paris, who had all come to shake hands with Martin Boulet, and to mount guard for him near the ballot-boxes, to see that all was conducted fairly. Their arrival caused an immense sensation, and they were mobbed as Hottentots would have been: for journalists are all known to the public by their names in France, and there is always a good deal of curiosity about them. After a rousing champagne breakfast, which began at nine and ended at twelve, the whole party adjourned to the cathedral, at the door of which the four Liberal candidates met each other, and shook hands. The cathedral was a very large one; but on this occasion it was closely packed from one end to the other. It had been announced that the Cardinal himself would preach; and, after all that had happened during the week, it was fair to suppose that his sermon would not pass without some pointed political allusions. The appearance of the four Liberals, but especially that of Martin Boulet and his pleiad of literary friends, caused a sort of thrill to run round. A frenzy of whisperings commenced, and people stood on tiptoe to see if M. de Foie-Gras would also put in an appearance. But M. de Foie-Gras knew better. It had been reported to him that his antagonists would all be at the cathedral, and he had no wish to sit face to face with them, to see them sneer or laugh at him.

The service passed off as usual, but amidst general impatience. The congregation had no thought but for the coming sermon. The choristers with their slow chanting were voted a cordial nuisance; and the precentor who led the choir gabbled as fast as possible, almost fearing that the people would get up and hiss him unless he made haste.



At last, at one o'clock precisely, the mighty assemblage settled into a deep hush, as, preceded by his vergers, the Cardinal, in his scarlet robes and white lace fringes, descended from his throne and walked down the nave. The next minute every eye was fixed upon him as he stood in the pulpit, with a slight hectic flush of excitement on his face and a resolute expression marked upon his brow. He glanced deliberately around him, and then opened a letter which he held in his hand. "My brethren," he said, in a calm, determined voice, "I have received a letter from our Prefect this morning, and I desire to read it you."

The dead silence woke up for a second to a murmur of astonishment and expectation, but calmed down as soon, and became deeper and more intense than before. Every ear was strained, every heart beat.

The Cardinal looked once more around him, and then read:—

"MONSIEUR,—A rumour having come to my ears that it is your Eminence's intention to allude to the coming election in your sermon of this day, I think it right to forewarn your Eminence against using the influence of the pulpit otherwise than in support of the Government: for any word which your Eminence might let fall to advocate the claims of an enemy of the reigning dynasty would be liable to be construed as seditious, and dealt with accordingly.

"I beg to remain, Monseigneur,

"Your Eminence's most obedient servant,

"THE PREFECT OF THE DEPARTMENT."

An explosion of loud murmurs followed the reading of this intimidating note. For a moment people forgot that they were in a cathedral, and gave free vent to their thoughts; but by a wave of his hand the Archbishop brought back calm. He had drawn out his watch, and was looking at the time.

"My brethren," he said, "it is twenty minutes past one. At two o'clock the voting will commence, and continue till six. It is not my intention to preach to you to-day: for in the state of excitement in which I see you all, it would be useless to make any attempt to divert your minds from the subject which is engrossing them. I cannot dismiss you, however, without passing a comment upon the letter I have just read. It is an endeavour to tamper with freedom of conscience and liberty of action. What your own votes may be, I have no right either to surmise or inquire. Each of you, individually, will vote as his own sense of right shall direct. But, for my part"—(here he raised his voice and looked steadfastly at his hearers)—"But, for my part, I shall this day make use of the vote which the Constitution has given me, and record it *against* the Government."

\* \* \* \*

The excitement in the market-place in front of the cathedral was tremendous. The Archbishop's words had sounded like the startling



echoes of a trumpet in the ears of the astonished town. An immense crowd surrounded the four Liberals, who were standing together; and a general move was made towards the town-hall, where the voting was to take place. At this moment Martin Boulet turned round towards those of his friends who were next him, and whispered, "Now for my *coup-de-théâtre*." Then raising his voice he shouted as loud as he could: "My friends! I have been condemned to two years of prison, and I seize this opportunity, now that you are all together, to wish you good-by: for I am going this very moment to surrender myself prisoner at the city jail. I need only tell you that these two years of captivity will neither silence my tongue nor split my pen. On the day of my liberation you will find me on the breach as before, ready to fight for your interests and your liberties; ready to suffer again and again for the truth; ready to hurl defiance and scorn at my oppressors, and ready to cry, as I do now, 'Down with tyranny, and hurrah for freedom!' . . ."

Imagine a tempest suddenly let loose, and you will have an idea of what followed Martin Boulet's words. The French, who are a currish lot under a yoke, become very devils when excited. No such speech as that of Martin Boulet's had been heard since the troublous days of the Republic. Scarcely had it been uttered than half a dozen of those ubiquitous police spies that are interspersed by the Imperial Government through every crowd of more than a dozen people, rushed upon the journalist and tried to silence him. But a forward rush on the part of the Parisian visitors prevented them. A scuffle ensued. Somebody cried, "Vive la République," and in one moment the immense mob, panting with emotion, was uttering the old cry with frantic cheers. "Lift him up and carry him in triumph!" roared a thousand voices; and amidst the waving of hats, the stamping of feet, and the maddened acclamations of men and women, old men and children, priests and soldiers, all turned wild together and all mixed pell-mell, Martin Boulet was raised aloft upon the shoulders of his friends and borne triumphantly through the streets. The crowd was swelling like a mountain torrent under a storm; windows were being opened on every side, and women were waving hands and handkerchiefs as enthusiastically as the men. The uproar was terrific. The people seemed to have forgotten all prudence. A dozen of armed soldiers who were going to relieve guard fled in dismay as they came in sight of the hooting, rebel host. The *Marseillaise* was begun, and before the second verse had been commenced five thousand voices were singing its well-known strains. Had Martin Boulet spoken the word at that moment, the town-hall would have been invaded and the prefecture stormed without a moment's hesitation. But amidst all the clamouring of his worshippers he himself remained calm. "Carry me to the prison," he kept on repeating; and vaguely hoping that they would be asked to break in the jail and liberate the prisoners, his bearers did as he bade them. The ovation went on increasing instead of diminishing; but when at last the prison was reached, and Martin Boulet stood by the door and laid his hand upon the bell, the excitement rose to

delirium! "No! no!" shouted the workmen, becoming mad. "No! no!" echoed the women, beginning to cry. "Pull him back—he shan't go to prison," cried every one furiously. "Good-by, my friends!" exclaimed Martin Boulet; and then there was an indescribable scene. With a spontaneous movement the whole crowd rushed forward, with their heads uncovered and their arms extended, to touch him and shake his hands. The boisterous cheers had given place to a clamour of wailings; and Martin Boulet, who had held up till then, broke down and drew his hand across his eyes. And then the prison door opened. . . .

## VII.

It was we, Martin Boulet's friends, who then roared at the top of our voices: "Come and vote for him! come and vote for him!" We were answered with ringing acclamations. But two hours before, the large majority of those who had just joined in this demonstration had probably little thought of voting for the republican; now, however, all but the red *bulletins* were cast away. From two o'clock till six the ballot-boxes were flooded with one uninterrupted flow of Martin Boulet tickets. Mobs never do things by halves. A body of fanatics, uttering startling cries, rushed about in front of the town-hall, thrusting red voting-papers into the hands of all new comers. Many, no doubt, voted *red* against their will; but at six o'clock the Mayor of Choufleurly came, pale and breathless, to the Prefect, to tell him that he had not received a single voting-paper of the official colour. That night it was everywhere known that almost all the votes polled in the town were *red* ones. It only remained to be known now how the bumpkins had voted. These latter electors, not having been present at the ovation at Choufleurly, had, no doubt, voted in perfect coolness; that is, either for M. de Foie-Gras or the Count.

On the Monday at noon we all gathered on the market-place to await the official declaration. It came at last, set forth in this wise:—

Number of registered electors .....	49,317
Number of votes actually given .....	43,744
M. Martin Boulet .....	21,317
Count de la Sauce-Piquante .....	11,101
M. de Foie-Gras .....	9,215
M. Romain-Gigot .....	2,111
M. Baudet .....	1,290

No one having obtained the 21,872 votes needed to constitute an "absolute majority," a new ballot will take place next Sunday.

## VIII.

This result caused a mighty surprise throughout the empire, and as for M. Cornichon, he was so utterly shocked by it that he remained speechless when he received the news. Neither was it of any use, he

found, to attempt retrieving matters before the second ballot, for, faithful to the mutual engagement they had made, MM. de la Sauce-Piquante, Gigot, and Baudet all retired from the contest on the Monday afternoon, and issued an address praying their supporters to vote for Martin Boulet. The only remaining rival was consequently M. de Foie-Gras ; but this gentleman, becoming wiser and sadder by his defeat, felt not the slightest desire to re-enter the lists. The proof slips of a certain article entitled "Le Candidat Malgré Lui" had perhaps something to do with this prudent determination ; for Martin Boulet had politely forwarded these proofs to him under sealed envelope, with a polite prayer to revise them and then send them on to the Paris *Charivari*. M. de Foie-Gras was only too happy to burn this diabolical leader, into which all our editor's wit had been infused. He, too, issued an address to the 9,000 who had honoured him with their suffrages, and requested them to vote . . . for whom they pleased.

The second ballot was announced as follows :—

Number of registered electors .....	49,317
Votes actually given .....	35,718
M. Martin Boulet (sole candidate) .....	35,718
M. Martin Boulet is elected.	

## IX.

The *Moniteur* of ten days afterwards contained the two following announcements :—

"The judgment of the tribunal of Choufleur, condemning M. Martin Boulet to two years of imprisonment and a fine of 50,000 francs, has been cancelled by the Cour Impériale of Paris."

"*Departmental Intelligence*.—We hear that M. Cornichon, Prefect of the Dept. du Bouillon, has tendered his resignation to the Government, and that this resignation has been accepted."

## X.

The only man who never pardoned Martin Boulet his triumph was Cardinal Finemouche. He persists in thinking to this day that our editor made a fool of him.

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## On Relics Ecclesiastical.

(BY "THE UNDEVELOPED COLLECTOR.")

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### PART II.

BEFORE speaking of some of the miraculous crucifixes which are to be found in various parts of Europe, I may allude to one of the earliest known representations of the Crucifixion,—curiously enough, a caricature. During some excavations at Rome a few years ago, a portion of an old street was discovered on the Palatine,—the wall being covered with *graffiti*, similar to those curious scribblings found at Pompeii. Thanks to Father P. Garucci, this interesting relic was secured, and is now carefully preserved in the Collegio Romano. The caricature is supposed to be of the time of the Emperor Septimius Severus (193-211). A Christian is represented worshipping an ass hanging on a cross, and an accompanying inscription in Greek informs us, "Alexamenos worships God."

Of crucifixes none is perhaps more interesting than that of Lucca. We are told that the favourite imprecation of William Rufus was "Per sanctum vultum de Luca!" which refers most probably to the object in question. It is of cedar-wood, and is said to have been made by Nicodemus, whose house at Ramleh (Arimathæa) is still pointed out, and the spot, of course, where the crucifix was made. Like many other similar figures, it is so overloaded with gorgeous robes and jewels as to admit of little examination on the few occasions—three times a year—on which it is publicly exhibited. It is said to have been miraculously brought to Lucca in 782.

Another crucifix ascribed to Nicodemus is at Oviedo. The material in this instance is ivory. The feet are represented apart, *four* nails, consequently, having been employed,—just as in a metal crucifix in the Vatican, supposed to be one of the oldest in existence, and to belong to the sixth century. The Oviedo crucifix is ascribed by Ford to the eleventh century.

Another by the same artist is "El Cristo de Burgos." "According to the best authorities," says Ford, "it was carved by Nicodemus out of supernatural materials; but to others it appears to be graven out of Sorian pine, and either by Becerra or Hernandez. Be that as it may, as a work of art it is admirable, and the expression of suffering in the head drooping over the shoulder is very fine. When we last were shown this crucifix it was covered with jewel-embroidered curtains, and wore a superb petticoat." Like some other images, it made a miraculous voyage

to Spain, being found in the Bay of Biscay by a merchant of Burgos, who placed it in the Augustine convent. Here it worked so many miracles that the archbishop, naturally enough, wished to move it to the cathedral, but after twice walking back again, it was allowed to remain in peace. At one time its beard used to grow regularly, but since the French invasion its growth has ceased.

Another of these Nicodemus crucifixes is "El Cristo de Beyrut," at Valencia. Bertrandon de la Brocquiere saw it at Beyrout. "There is also another miraculous building that has been changed into a church, which formerly was a house belonging to the Jews. One day these people, finding an image of our Lord, began to stone it, as their fathers had in times past stoned the original; but the image having shed blood, they were so frightened with the miracle that they fled, and accused themselves to the bishop, and even gave up their house in reparation for their crime. It was made into a church, which at present is served by the Cordeliers." Subsequently to the Frenchman's visit it changed its quarters,—set off from Beyrout, and sailed up the river to Valencia, where a pillar marks the place of its landing,

Few images of our Lord are so famous as the "Santissimo Bambino" in the church of S. Maria di Araceli at Rome. A Franciscan pilgrim carved it out of a tree that grew on the Mount of Olives, and falling asleep over his work, found on awaking that it had meanwhile been painted by St. Luke. It has a most wonderful reputation for healing the sick, and is provided with a special carriage in which to pay its visits. The triumvirs—my friend, Count Saffi, being one of them—made the people who had charge of it a present of the Pope's state carriage for its use; but, on the Pope's return, the property was reclaimed.

Another famous crucifix is preserved in the church of La Santa Trinità, Florence. In the eleventh century, the younger son of a noble house in Florence, Giovanni Gualberto, felt himself in honour bound to revenge the death of his brother Hugh, who had been murdered. He met his enemy one Good Friday in a narrow road where there were no means of escape. The poor man, in despair, threw himself at Gualberto's feet, in the form of a cross, and implored mercy. Gualberto was moved by the appeal, and on going afterwards with his enemy to the Church of San Miniato, the crucifix there bowed its head to him in token of approval. He afterwards founded the monastery of Valombrosa. On the suppression of this convent by the French the crucifix was removed to Florence.

In the Church of S. Maria del Carmine, Naples, is another crucifix held in great veneration, and only exhibited on the first and last days of the year. Besides the many miraculous cures of which it has the credit, it bowed its head in 1493 to a cannon-ball that was passing through the church, and so escaped unhurt. It was not, however, so clever as an image of the Virgin at Hal, in Belgium. In a side-chapel

of the Church of St. Martin is a pile of cannon-balls, thirty-three in number, which were caught by the Virgin in her robe when the town was bombarded.

One of the most beautiful of the crucifixes in Spain is in the Colegio de Corpus, at Valencia. It belonged to the founder, Archbishop Juan Ribera, and was placed here, says Ford, "by his express order, as a relic, from the number of miracles which it worked. To us it appeared to be Florentine, and of the time of Jean de Bologna." It is used in the representation of the Crucifixion, which is exhibited here, as in the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, every Good Friday.

Another famous image is "El Cristo de la Cepa," at Valladolid. Two men, working in a vineyard, the one a Jew, the other a Christian, were disputing about their different religions. "I will believe you to be in the right," said the Jew, "when your Messiah comes out of this vine." The image immediately appeared.

The curious small bronze crucifix which the Cid always carried about him in battle is now at Salamanca, where it is known as "El Cristo de las Batallas." "The crown is black, the apron gilt, and girdled with a white belt, studded with gilt chequer-work." The oldest crucifix in Spain, and "one of the oldest authentic pieces of Christian plate existing," is at Santiago. It is a gilt filigree work, studded with uncut jewels, and is inscribed, "*Hoc opus perfectum est in era ixoo et duodecima. Hoc signo vincitur inimicus, hoc signo tuetur pius. Hoc offerunt famuli Dei Adefonzus princeps et conjux.*" At Caravaca is the cross brought down from heaven by angels, on May 3, 1281, when Don Gines Perez Chirinos wanted to say mass to the Moorish king Deceyt. "Rings, when rubbed against the cross," Ford tells us, "protect the wearers from illness. Any water into which it is dipped obtains sanative qualities. The peasants fancied it would secure them from Sebastiani's pillagers, which it did not. Volumes have been written on its powers."

Another cross—also the work of angels—is at Oviedo, where, likewise, is preserved "La Cruz de la Victoria," which has a history. It fell from heaven just before the battle of Cangas, where Pelayus, afterwards Duke of the Goths, gave the first serious check to the Saracens. 124,000 Moors were killed on the field, 63,000 more drowned under Monte Amosa, and the 275,000 who escaped to France were slaughtered there. The cross was given by King Adefonsus and Ximena, in 808. "*Quisquis auferre presumpserit mihi,*" says the inscription, "*fulmine divino intereat ipse: nisi libens voluntas dederit mea.*" "Neither age nor the threat of lightning," says Ford, "could save La Cruz de la Victoria from being seized from the altar by a French soldier, who carried it off just as the sacrilegious Dionysius stole the pagan *Victoriolas aureas*. It was rescued by the canon Alfonso Sanchez Ahumada by a mere accident, as he told us himself, which hereafter will be cited as a miracle; and that anything of silver escaped the Gaul is, indeed, little short of being one."

In the monastery of San Pedro de Arlanza is the cross sent by Pope



John XI. to the Count Ferman Gonzales, as a sure remedy against hail-stones. In 1488 Bishop Lino de Acuña, in order to test its virtues, thrust it into a fire, which was instantly extinguished. And I must not forget to mention the cross of Cardinal Mendoza, which figured on a very memorable occasion, having been hoisted, in 1492, on the Alhambra, at the expulsion of the Moors. An old cross at Brescia may be mentioned in connection with this. It is said to have been the stem of the Oriflamme, for a long time the royal standard of France. Originally it was the flag of the Abbey of St. Denis, whither angels had brought it from heaven.

Perhaps the most famous crucifix connected with our own island is the "Black Rood of Scotland." It was probably among the regalia of the Anglo-Saxon kings, and was at any rate carried to Scotland by the Princess Margaret, when she fled with her brother Edgar, after the battle of Hastings, becoming subsequently the wife of Malcolm III. After her death its history is somewhat uncertain; but it was taken possession of by Edward I. when he bagged the "Stone of Scone," but restored in 1327. It appears again in 1346, when King David Bruce had it with him at the disastrous battle of Neville's Cross, when it fell once more into the hands of the English, and was given to the Priory at Durham. Since then nothing seems to be known about it. It was probably conveyed to a safe (or unsafe) place by some zealous and pure-minded reformer in the time of Henry VIII.

Another cross, held in equal veneration in the time of Edward I., was the cross Nigth, or Neytz. Little, however, is known of it except its name, which figures in some of the State papers of that period.

I have already mentioned the S. Veronica portraits of our Lord: I must not omit another of a somewhat similar character, now preserved in the Church of St. Sylvester, at Rome. The tradition concerning it, as given by the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus, is that Abgarus, King of Edessa, being dangerously ill, sent a messenger with a letter to "Jesus the good Saviour, who has appeared in the borders of Jerusalem," asking Him to come and heal him. Our Saviour wrote him a reply, saying that the work which had been given Him to do would not allow of His leaving the country, but promising to send him, after His ascension, one of His disciples who should restore him to health. The messenger, however, not seeming satisfied with the result of his mission, Christ gave him a towel, with which He had washed His face, and on which His features were miraculously impressed. This portrait remained at Edessa till 944, when it was removed, together with the letters, to Constantinople. From this city the Venetians say they brought it to Rome. In the Armenian church of St. Bartolommeo at Genoa, however, is another "genuine" Abgarus portrait, brought there by Leonardo de Montalto in 1384.

In the Church of S. Prassede at Rome is another of these linen portraits of our Lord, attributed to St. Peter. Being, whilst at Rome, a frequent guest in the house of the Pudens mentioned in St. Paul's Epistle

to Timothy, he was asked by one of the daughters what our Lord was like. On this he took her handkerchief and sketched the features upon it. These linen portraits are certainly of very extreme antiquity, and the legends of their production were given as they are now in the time of the Empress Helena.

Allusion has already been made to St. Luke as a painter. He is said to have always gone about with two portraits, one of our Lord, the other of the Virgin, by which he made many converts. A picture of our Lord in the Vatican is attributed to him. In the monastery of Valombrosa is another certainly very old picture, on a panel of cypress-wood, said to be his work. The features are strongly emphasized, the face long, the eyes large and bright, with eyelids drooping and arched brows.

I must not forget here to mention some of the miraculous wafers, preserved in so many places, which have proved so conclusively at various times the truth of the dogma of transubstantiation. A volume has been written about them : it was published at Brussels in 1770, and was entitled *Histoire des Hosties Miraculeuses*. One of these wafers is in the cathedral at Brussels. As in many other cases, the Jews were charged with blasphemous conduct towards it. These poor creatures, in the Middle Ages, seem to have been looked on much as King John used to regard his dearly beloved subjects, as so many money-bags to be squeezed as long as anything could be got out of them. In 1290 there was a universal massacre of them throughout Germany, on the charge of having insulted the Host : and at Bacharach are the ruins of a very beautiful Gothic chapel, dedicated to St. Werner, a boy said to have been crucified by the Jews in derision, with just as much truth, no doubt, as tales of similar atrocities at Gloucester and Lincoln. The body was then said to have been thrown into the river, but instead of floating down the stream, went up to Bacharach, where it was taken care of and afterwards canonized. The Brussels wafer was stolen by a Jew one Good Friday, about the end of the fourteenth century, and carried off to the synagogue. Here it was pricked by the knives of the congregation, on which blood gushed out, and the impious people were stricken senseless. On their crime being discovered, the ring-leaders were put to death with horrible torments. A special Sunday is set apart for the commemoration of this miracle, and the wafer itself is exhibited on that day.

A somewhat similar story is told of the wafers at Deggendorf, in Bavaria. After various insults, all of them defeated by miraculous interference, the wafers were thrown into a well ; but a brilliant light upon the waters revealed the crime. This led to the discovery of the offenders, and of course to the confiscation of their goods.

The wafer preserved in the Escorial was the one that shed blood at Goreum, in Holland, in 1525, when trampled under foot by the Zwinglians. It had a narrow escape at the French invasion, when it was hid in the cellar, other contents of which were better appreciated by the soldiers. It was restored with great pomp by Ferdinand VII., in 1814.

At Daroca, in N. Castile, are six wafers, consecrated by the curate of Daroca for a valiant Spaniard who was besieging the castle of Chio in Valencia. Twenty thousand Moors coming to the rescue, the hero and five knights prepared to attack them, after having first communicated. The Moors, however, set upon them, and the wafers were thrown away into some bushes. When the twenty thousand Moors had been put to flight, the curate returned in search of the wafers, which he found had been changed into flesh. Naturally enough each of the six knights wished to get possession of these wonderful relics, but instead of amicably dividing them, they agreed to put them all in a box, which should be set on the curate's mule, and that wherever he carried them to, there they should remain. The mule accordingly set off, and never stopped till he reached the Church of Daroca, one hundred miles away, where he knelt till his precious burden was removed.

In the Lateran at Rome is an altar very carefully preserved. A priest at mass had very great doubts on the subject of transubstantiation. A wafer fell from his hands, went through the slab, and left a hole which can be seen to this very day.

The very beautiful cathedral of Orvieto was built to receive one of these wafers. A priest at Bolsena, in 1263, not being as honest in his belief as he professed to be, was cured of his heresy by blood flowing from the wafer he was consecrating. He hastened at once to Orvieto, where Urban IV. was then staying, and obtained absolution. A vault is still pointed out at Bolsena where the miracle occurred.

Numerous as are the images of our Lord to which miraculous powers have been attributed, those which represent the Virgin are still more numerous. Of her pictures, the most famous of course are those attributed to St. Luke. In a vault near the Church of S. Maria, in Via Lata, Rome, was found a rude drawing of the Virgin, with an inscription saying it was one of the seven painted by Luke. There was nothing to connect it specially with the Evangelist. Since the tenth century, however, St. Luke has been represented as a painter, and chosen as the patron saint of painting. Accordingly several old paintings of the Virgin have been ascribed to his hand. One, for instance, is in the Basilica of S. Maria Maggiore in Rome, placed there by Paul V. It bears the following inscription:—"Here at the high altar is preserved that image of the most blessed Mary which, being delineated by St. Luke the Evangelist, received its colours and form divinely. This is that image with which Gregory the Great (according to St. Antonine), as a suppliant, purified Rome, and the pestilence being dispelled, the angel messenger of peace, from the summit of the Castle of Adrian, commanding the Queen of Heaven to rejoice, restored health to the city."

Calvin mentions four of these portraits at Rome: first, the one just mentioned, "which as they say he made in his devotion, with the ring wherewith Joseph wedded her;" the second "at the new Saint Maries, the which thei say was also made by Saint Luke in Troades, and that

since that time it was brought to them by an angel;” the third “at S. Maries Araceli, in suche likeness as she was when she stode by the crosse;” and, lastly, “the chiefe and principall” at Sainet Augustines, “for it is it (if one beleve them) that Sainet Luke caryed alwayes with him, even until he made it to be buried in his grave.”

Of other portraits attributed to him, one was sent from Jerusalem to the Empress Pulcheria, who placed it in the Church of the Hodegorum, which she built in honour of the Virgin at Constantinople. Another is in the Church of the Carmine, Florence; another at Cambrai; another in the Alhambra; another in the church built on the site of the house of St. Mark at Jerusalem, and another in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Besides these there is the celebrated image-picture in the Convent of Saidnāya, about four hours’ journey from Damascus. Maundrell mentions a tradition of its having been on one occasion stolen, but the thief finding it had been changed into flesh, was only too glad to restore it. Bertrandon de la Brocquiere gives a good account of it:—“Here is a church of green monks, having a portrait of the Virgin painted on wood, whose head has been carried thither miraculously, but in what manner I am ignorant. It is added, that it always sweats, and that this sweat is an oil. All I can say is, that when I went thither I was shown at the end of the church, behind the great altar, a niche formed in the wall, where I saw the image, which was a flat thing, and might be about one foot and a half high by one foot wide. I cannot say whether it is wood or stone, for it was entirely covered with clothes. The front was closed with an iron trellis, and underneath was the vase containing the oil. A woman accosted me, and with a silver spoon moved aside the clothes, and wanted to anoint me with the sign of the cross on the forehead, the temples, and breast. I believe this was a mere trick to get money; nevertheless, I do not mean to say that our Lady may not have more power than this image.”

In the Church of San Juan, at Valencia, is a portrait of the Virgin, with a very extraordinary history attached to it. One day she appeared to Martin de Alvaro, a Jesuit, and desired that she might be painted exactly as he saw her. Juanes, the artist, was appealed to, and after a course of fasting and prayer succeeded so admirably that the Virgin, on a second visit, professed herself perfectly satisfied with his performance.

Another very famous picture of the Virgin is in the Church of La Santissima Annunziata at Florence. If we are to take Vasari’s word for it, it was painted by Pietro Cavallini; but he must be wrong, for the people of Florence will tell you it was the work of angels: and they have in consequence just been spending 8,000*l.* on it, for a new crown for the Virgin.

The last of these pictures I shall mention is one preserved in the monastery on Monte Nero, Leghorn. This picture sailed off by itself from

Negropont, in 1845, landing at Ardenza. Here a shepherd discovered it, and by the Virgin's special direction carried it to its present resting place.

Painting, however, was not St. Luke's only accomplishment, if we believe the stories told of him. We must allow him to have been a very diligent carver as well. One specimen of his handiwork I shall have to speak of presently, when I come to mention Loretto. In Spain there are at least three images ascribed to him. First of all, one at Guadalupe, only second in sanctity to the image of Zaragossa, to be mentioned by-and-by. "The Virgin of Guadalupe," Ford tells us, "was the great patroness of Estremadura. She guided the invaders of the New World to victory and spoil, and to her a share was always apportioned; hence the number of her shrines in Mexico, where Cortes transported his local recollections. He himself, on landing in Spain in 1538, hurried to worship her image for nine days. He and his followers hoped, by offering at her altar the *spolia opima* of their strangely achieved wealth, to obtain death-bed pardons." The image was given by Gregory the Great to San Leandro, "the Gothic uprooter of Arianism;" hidden during the six centuries of Moorish dominion; and discovered miraculously, in 1380, by a cowkeeper of Caceres. The convent established here in 1389 was at one time the richest in Spain, and the shrine so full of costly offerings that Victor carried off from it no less than nine cartloads of silver.

Next in point of honour is the Virgin of Atocha, at Madrid, the special patroness of the royal family, who used to visit it every Sunday. Its history and the explanation of its name are both extremely uncertain. One account makes St. Peter bring it to Spain; another makes Gregory the Great remove it from Antioch, whence its name. Others, who believe it to have been made at Ephesus in 470, when the Nestorian heresy was condemned, suppose the name to be a corruption of *θεοτόκος*; lastly, Atocha is the bass-wood in which the image revealed itself after the expulsion of the Moors from Castile.

The third is the Virgin of Monserrat, brought to Barcelona in the year 50, by St. Peter. This, too, was hidden from the Moors in 717, and remained buried till 880, when it was discovered by some shepherds who had been led to the spot by angels. A chapel was built for its reception, as it refused to be removed, and there it remained for nearly a thousand years, till the suppression of the convent.

The most famous image, however, in Spain, is that of Zaragossa, which came down from heaven on a pillar which is still preserved there. Like most of these ancient images it is very dark-coloured. The treasures in jewels and gold were once enormous, and rivalled those of Loretto, Monserrat, and Guadalupe, but they were plundered by the invaders. Mellado estimates at 129,411 dollars the *obsequio*, or complimentary gift, made by the chapter to Marshal Lannes. Ford tells us some wonderful stories about it. "It restored lost legs. Cardinal de Retz mentions in his *Memoirs* having seen a man whose wooden substiti-

tutes became needless when the originals grew again on being rubbed with it; and this portent was long celebrated by the dean and chapter—as well it deserved—by an especial holiday; for Macassar oil cannot do much more. This graven image is at this moment the object of popular adoration, and disputes even with the worship of tobacco and money. Countless are the mendicants, the halt, blind, and the lame, who cluster around her shrine, as the equally afflicted ancients, with whom physicians were in vain, did around that of Minerva; and it must be confessed that the cures worked are almost miraculous.”

It would be both wearisome and useless to try to mention all the famous images in Spain; but three or four may just have a passing notice. One is at Granada, which revealed itself miraculously at Avila, and was brought by Ferdinand and Isabella to the siege of Granada, and set up at San Sebastian; one is at Leon, in the chapel of our Lady of the Dice, so called because an unsuccessful gambler, in a fit of passion, threw his dice at it, hitting the infant's face, which immediately bled; one at Valencia, called *La Virgen de los Desamparados*, made in 1410, by order of the Spanish Anti-Pope Luna, Benedict XIII. In the French invasion this image was created generalisima, wearing the three gold bars—the *Marqués de los Palacios*, who was in command in Valencia, doing his duty by laying his bâton at her feet. The image, however, did not distinguish itself so much as the “*Mondbezwingerin*” at Laybach, which, in one of the Turkish invasions, put itself at the head of the terrified inhabitants, and led them out to victory. At Mondoñedo is one called *La Inglesa*, being the image taken from St. Paul's at the Reformation; with which I may mention one at Aix-la-Chapelle, to which Mary Queen of Scots gave a crown of gold, which is still preserved in the treasury.

Spain, however, has by no means a monopoly of these wonderful images. In France, for instance, is *Notre Dame de Puy*, in the Velay: one tradition would make the original image the oldest in the world, and the work of the Prophet Jeremiah. Those who are content with a somewhat more reasonable antiquity, represent it as made by the Christians on Mount Lebanon, and brought from the Holy Land to France in the time of the Crusades. It was a piece of cedar-wood, wrapped round with strips of papyrus, upon which were painted the face, hands, and feet, all of a negro tint. There is a long list of papal and royal visitors to this most famous image. During the French Revolution the image was burnt, and the present facsimile, made from recollection, does not attract as many pilgrims as the prototype did. Still, even now, as many as 4,000 are said to assemble on the image's feast-day. A portion of the papyrus is preserved in the Museum.

Another famous image in France is that of *Notre Dame de la Garde* at Marseilles, of particular veneration among the sailors in the Mediterranean. In the cabins of all the smaller craft will be found a picture of this image, with a lamp burning before it; and the chapel itself, where the old olive-wood image is preserved, on the top of a bare rocky hill, is crammed



with votive offerings of those who owe, as they believe, their lives to its protection.

In Bavaria, one very famous image is that of Maria Hilf, near Passau. Here the infant Saviour is represented standing on the lap of the Virgin, whilst a stream of water gushes forth at her feet. The pilgrims, who are counted by thousands, have to ascend to the church by a covered staircase, saying a paternoster on each of the 264 steps.

Still more famous is that at Altötting—the Bavarian Loretto. The Black Virgin, in this instance, was brought thither in 696; and there it has continued ever since, except during the Thirty Years' War, when it was removed for a while, with its treasures, for safety to Salzburg. The number of pilgrims to this image is almost incredible, Charlemagne being one of the earliest of its distinguished visitors.

Austria boasts of a famous image at Marbach, in the Pilgrimage Church of Maria Taferl. The image was originally hung on the branches of an oak; and having a great reputation for securing good harvests, was much frequented by the peasantry, who assembled annually to hold a feast on a stone table. When the oak began to decay, a peasant attempted to cut it down; but instead of striking the tree, he only struck his own foot. Looking up, he saw the offended image, which, upon proper intercession, healed the wound. Since then its fame has gone far and wide, and each September sees a crowd of pilgrims to the church, varying from 50,000 to 130,000 people.

Styria has one quite as famous—the black lime-tree image of Mariazell. It was originally the property of a hermit, called Lambert, who visited this country in the eleventh century, and built himself a wooden cell. In the following century a Margrave of Moravia, who, as well as his wife, suffered from gout, had a divine intimation that, by a visit to the Virgin, they would both be cured; which accordingly came to pass, and the grateful convalescents built a stone chapel in place of the cell. Over this has been erected the present magnificent church. The Virgin is represented seated, holding the infant Christ in her arms, and resplendent with jewels. The railing before it is of solid silver, presented, as the inscription informs us,—"Virgini Cellensi pro filio Josepho a Deo procurato,"—by the Emperor Leopold. In the treasury is a very large topaz, the gift of Joseph II., a diamond cross contributed by Maria Theresa, and several other very valuable jewels. On one of the jubilees no fewer than 373,000 pilgrims are said to have visited the shrine.

Not less famous is the Virgin of Einsiedeln, in Switzerland. One of the original possessors, in this instance, was a member of the noble house of Hohenzollern, the hermit Meinrad, in the time of Charlemagne, to whom it had been presented by S. Hildegarde, abbess of Zurich. In 861 he was murdered by two robbers, but the crime was discovered through Meinrad's pet ravens, who pursued the murderers to Zurich. The sanctuary was rebuilt and occupied by Benedictine monks. When it was about to be consecrated, in 948,—so the bull of Pius VIII. assures us,—the Bishop

of Constance was roused from his sleep by the songs of angels, and next day informed there was no need of any new ceremonies, as the building had been already consecrated by the presence of our Lord. It soon rose to great fame and wealth, and, except St. Gall, ranked highest of all the Swiss monasteries, the abbot being a prince of the Holy Roman Empire. In 1798 the French, as they thought, carried off the image to Paris, but the monks declared they had been deceived, and that the real one had been safely conveyed into the Tyrol. The average number of pilgrims is said to be 150,000.

Besides these "first-class" images, there are numberless others whose reputation is more local, though scarcely less miracle-workers than their more well-known sisters. The miraculous image in S. Maria in Campitelli, Rome, stayed a pestilence there in 1659; another in S. Maria della Vittoria, is renowned for its victories over the Turks; and a third in St. Giovanni a Carbonari, Naples, is a sure refuge against earthquakes and eruptions whether of Vesuvius or unruly citizens. At Bogen, in Bavaria, is a curious hollow figure of the Virgin, of stone, which signalized itself by swimming up the river,—a similar feat being performed by the image of Notre Dame de Hanswyk, in Belgium. This latter figure, however, fell into the hands of the confederates in 1580, who destroyed it utterly.

Weeping images have excited commotion at different times, but I may allude to one instance perhaps not so generally known as some others are. When the city of St. Petersburg was being built, great consternation was caused by a report that the image of the Virgin had been seen to shed tears. Peter the Great immediately gave orders that it should be brought to him to the palace. On minutely examining the figure, he discovered some small holes in the corners of the eyes, and on turning the figure round, a cavity still containing a few drops of oil. The mystery was explained: the heat of the tapers burning before the image melted the oil, and "hence the tears."

Of all the legends which, in spite of the most clear proofs of their utterly fabulous character, are still treated as real histories by the Church of Rome, the most extraordinary is that of the House of Loretto, to the truth of which the papal infallibility of Leo X. was pledged in 1518.

According to the tradition, the Empress Helena having discovered the habitation of the Virgin, built over it a magnificent church, in which was the inscription: "*Hæc est ara in quâ primo jactum est humanæ salutis fundamentum.*" This church having been destroyed by the Saracens, the house was transported by angels on December 10, 1291, to the coast of Dalmatia. On the hill near Fiume, where it is said to have rested, is a pilgrimage church, with a somewhat long staircase to it of four hundred steps. It remained there exactly three years, when it suddenly appeared at Loretto, St. Nicholas of Tolentino being specially warned by the Virgin of its arrival. At first it seems to have been somewhat

uncomfortable in its new quarters, but after three changes of position finally settled down in 1295 in the spot where it now stands.

The house itself is a very rude building of brick, about thirteen feet high, twenty-nine long, and twelve wide, with one door and one window. The angels lost the floor in bringing the house from Nazareth, and a new one accordingly has been provided of white and red marble. Over the fire-place is an image of the Virgin and Child, sculptured by St. Luke. It is of cedar-wood, quite black with age. "Nothing can be more hideous," Murray tells us in his indispensable *Handbook*, "more fetish-like, swathed in a ball-shaped dress, hung with gems of enormous value. The figure of a black doll hanging above the door of a dealer in marine-stores is a high work of art in comparison with the effort of the Apostle's chisel." Inside are also three earthenware pots, formerly the property of the Holy Family and once covered with gold, but the French stripped two of them. An Archbishop of Coimbra, in the time of Paul III., stole one of the stones of the Santa Casa; but conscience pricking him, as it did in the case of some purloined illuminations I know of, and health failing, the archbishop made a clean breast of it, restored the stone, and became perfectly whole. An exact imitation of the Santa Casa, image and all, may be seen at Prague. There are few buildings upon which money has been so lavished as on this House of Loretto. It is encased with white marble, most richly and beautifully sculptured, Bramante supplying the designs, and all the most famous artists of the day being employed on the works. Preparations for it began in the time of Pope Julius II., but the works actually commenced under Leo X., and after lasting through the Papacy of Clement VII., were finished in that of Paul III.

Areulf in 700 mentions the Church at Nazareth, and says that "on this site stood formerly the house in which our Lord was nursed while an infant." Sæwulf in 1102 mentions the "city of Nazareth being entirely laid waste and overthrown by the Saracens." Sir John Maundeville, who would have revelled in such a story, evidently knows nothing about it; and worse still, Bertrandon de la Brocquiere says plainly, "Of the house wherein our Lady was when the angel appeared to her, not the smallest remnant exists." It is about his time—the fifteenth century—that the story first began to be circulated. But anybody that goes to Nazareth now is shown the *cave* in which the Annunciation and other events connected with the Santa Casa took place, though of course an imaginary site has been found for the house as well, over the vestibule in front of the grotto. Stanley, in his *Palestine*, has some such ingenious remarks on the story that I cannot help quoting a few of them. "Nazareth was taken by Sultan Khalil in 1291, when he stormed the last refuge of the crusaders in the neighbouring city of Acre. From that time, not Nazareth only, but the whole of Palestine, was closed to the devotions of Europe. . . . Can we wonder that under such circumstances there should have arisen the feeling, the desire, the belief, that if

Mohamed could not go to the mountain, the mountain must come to Mohamed? The house of Loretto is the petrification, so to speak, of the 'Last sigh of the Crusaders.' . . . We can easily imagine that the same tendency which by deliberate purpose produced a second Jerusalem at Bologna, and a second Palestine at Varallo, would on the secluded shores of the Adriatic, by some peasant's dream, or the return of some Croatian chief from the last crusade, or the story of some Eastern voyager landing on their coasts, produce a second Nazareth at Fiume and Loretto. What in a more poetical and ignorant age was in the case of the Holy House ascribed to the hands of angels, was actually intended by Sixtus V. to have been literally accomplished in the case of the Holy Sepulchre by a treaty with the Sublime Porte for transferring it bodily to Rome, so that Italy might then have the glory of possessing the actual sites of the conception, the birth, and the burial of our Saviour."

Relics of the Virgin are in great abundance. "Forsomuch," says Calvin, "as they holde that her bodye is no more in yearthe, the meane for to bost themselves to have her bones is taken awaye from them." The story of her Assumption, however,—her body having been conveyed to heaven by angels as she was being carried out to burial by the twelve Apostles,—is by no means the original tradition concerning her. Arculf speaks of "the empty tomb of stone at Jerusalem, in which the Virgin Mary is said to have been buried; but who moved her body, or when this took place, no one can say." The Third General Council, that of Ephesus, A. D. 449, declared that both the Virgin and St. John were buried in the building in which they were assembled. It has now been authoritatively settled otherwise.

The font in which she was baptized is shown in the Syrian convent of St. Mark, in Jerusalem. The cotton robe worn at the Nativity, and the locket containing her hair, which Charlemagne always carried about with him, have been already mentioned as being preserved at Aix-la-Chapelle. One very strange relic of her, kept at many places, as, for instance, Santiago, Oviedo, &c., is her milk. About this Calvin has, of course, a good deal to say:—"Touching the mylke, [it] is not nowe needfull to number the places where ther is of it, neither shuld we come to any ende thereof, for thir is not so littell a toun, nor so wicked a convent, be it of monkes, or be it of nones, wher some parcell therof is not showed, some more, some lesse, not that they were not ashamed to bost themselves to have had holle pottle fulls, but forasmuche as thei thought that their lie should be the more covered. They have, therefore, invented to shewe onely as much thereof as might be kept in a glasse, to the end men might examen it no nearer. So that if the holye Virgyne hadde bene a cowe, or that she had been a norse al her lifetyme, yet could she not scarsely have geven suche quantetie of milke: on the other part, I would gladly aske them how this milke, whych at this present daye is shewed almost throughout the world, was geathered for to be preserved untill our tyme. For we doe not reade that ever anye had thys curiositie. It is well sayde that the

shepherdes dyde worshyppe Jesus Christe, and that the wise men did offer to him their presentes ; but it is not saide that thei did carie back mylke for a recompence. Saynet Luke recitethe that which Simeon did foreshewe the Virgine, but he sayeth not that he asked of her milke."

Some of her garments take the place formerly occupied by the Palladium at Troy, of which at least six different "originals" existed in after time; and the robe of Liöne, one of the seven safeguards of Rome. At Tortosa, for instance, it is her girdle, which she brought with her own hands from heaven in 1178, St. Peter and St. Paul attending her. Its authenticity was vouched for by Paul V. in 1617. "It is brought out to defend the town on all occasions of public calamity, but failed in the case of Suchet's attack." Another of her girdles is at Prato. At Oviedo it is her casulla, which she placed on the shoulders of San Ildafonso at Toledo; the slab on which she alighted there bearing the inscription,—"*Adorabimus in loco ubi steterunt pedes ejus.*" At Chartres it is her under garment, given by Charles le Chauve; of mighty service on many occasions, especially at the time when Rollo was defeated under the walls of that town by Dukes Rudolf of Burgundy and Robert of Paris. Her pocket-handkerchief is at Prague; and Calvin mentions likewise her slipper at Saint Jaqueries, a shoe at Sainte Flour, two of her combs, one at Besancon, another at Rome. "There is of her gounes at Rome, at St. John of Latran. Item at St. Barbares' Church; item at Saint Maria's upon Minerve; item at Saint Blase Church. At Saint Saviour's, in Spaine, at the least, they say they have certain pieces. I have heard of many other places; but they are not in my memorie."

I must not forget her espousal ring, now in the Imperial Cabinet at St. Petersburg, and her wedding ring (one of several) at Perugia.

Lastly, let me quote once more from Bertrandon de la Brocquiere. He tells us that at the Deposition "the Virgin was weeping over the body, but her tears, instead of remaining on it, fell on the stone; and they are all now to be seen upon it. I at first took them for drops of wax, and touched them with my hand, and then bended down to look at them horizontally, and against the light, when they seemed to me like drops of congealed water." This wonderful stone was at that time at Constantinople.

The cave in which John the Baptist lived in the Wilderness, and the fountain at which he quenched his thirst, are, of course, still pointed out in the Holy Land. But a very curious mistake has been made about the substances mentioned by the Evangelist as constituting his food. There is no reason whatever for thinking that locusts and wild honey mean anything else than locusts and wild honey; and there is nothing very extraordinary in their forming the food of an Eastern ascetic. But Arculf had pointed out to him "trees with broad round leaves of a milky colour, with the savour of honey, which are naturally fragile, and, after being bruised with the hand, are eaten; and this is the wild honey found in the woods." And Maundrell says,—"*Near this cell there still grow some old locust-trees, the monuments of the ignorance of the middle times. These*

the friars aver to be the very same that yielded sustenance to the Baptist; and the Popish pilgrims, who dare not be wiser than such blind guides, gather the fruit of them, and carry it away with great devotion."

At Sebaste (Samaria) a dungeon is pointed out as the place where he was beheaded, though Josephus says positively that it took place in the Castle of Macharus. At any rate he seems to have been buried at Samaria, "between two prophets," Maundeville assures us, "Elisha and Abdias." The cloth on which his head was laid is one of the four "grandes reliques" at Aix-la-Chapelle. In the time of Julian the Apostate (361-363) some Pagans broke into the tomb, burnt the bones, and scattered the ashes to the winds. Some small portions were collected by the Christians, and sent to St. Athanasius at Alexandria, where the Emperor Theodosius, in 396, built a magnificent church for their reception. "The finger, however, that showed our Lord," Sir J. Maundeville tells us, "saying, 'Behold the Lamb of God,' would never burn, but is all whole. S. Tecla, the holy virgin, caused that finger to be carried to the hill of Sebaste, and there men make great feast for it." By Calvin's time this finger had multiplied most marvellously. "There is one at Besanson, in the church of Saint John the Great; another at Lions; another at Burges; at Florence another; another at Sainte John of Adventures neare to Mascon." The right hand of the Baptist must have escaped altogether, for it is now to be seen at Munich. As for the head the accounts are hopelessly irreconcilable. In Sir J. Maundeville the account is:—"There (Sebaste) was wont to be the head of St. John the Baptist, inclosed in the wall: but the Emperor Theodosius had it drawn out, and found it wrapped in a little cloth, all bloody; and so he carried it to Constantinople: and the hinder part of the head is still at Constantinople: and the fore part of the head, to under the chin, is at Rome, under the church of St. Silvester, where are nuns; and it is yet all broiled, as though it were half burnt: for the Emperor Julian above mentioned, of his wickedness and malice, burnt that part with the other bones, as may still be seen; and this thing hath been proved both by Popes and Emperors. And the jaws beneath, which hold to the chin, and a part of the ashes, and the platter on which the head was laid when it was smitten off, are at Genoa: and the Genoese make a great feast in honour of it, and so do the Saracens also. And some men say that the head of St. John is at Amiens, in Picardy; and other men say that it is the head of St. John the Bishop. I know not which is correct, but God knows; let however men worship it, the blessed St. John is satisfied." The Amiens head was brought there by Wallo de Sarlon, a canon of that cathedral, when Constantinople was taken by the French in 1204; and, according to Calvin, there is the "signe of the cut of a knife, overwhart the eye, which they say Herodias gave him." In the Revolution, it was a good deal damaged, and now consists only of the frontal bone and upper jaw. Another head used to be shown in the Abbey of St. Acheul, and two



or three others in different places in France. All travellers to Damascus, however, know that the Baptist's head is preserved there,—one of the most holy relics of the place. "In the Church of St. John the Baptist, now converted into a mosque, and held too sacred to enter, or almost to look into, are kept the head of St. John and some other relics, esteemed so holy that it is death even for a Turk to presume to go into the room where they are kept." It is preserved in a casket of gold. Khaled, after capturing the city, insisted on being conducted into the cave in which it is kept. Even there, however, it cannot have a perfect set of teeth, for one of them is at Vienna.

Of St. Peter the number of relics is, as we might expect, very considerable. Amongst the earliest was one formerly kept, so tradition says, in the cloisters at Westminster—a portion of his fishing-net. The two chains with which he was bound at Jerusalem were given to the Empress Eudoxia, wife of Theodosius, on her visit to that city in 439. One of them she sent to Constantinople, the other to her daughter Eudoxia, wife of Valentinian III., at Rome, by whom they were deposited in a church on the Esquiline, built by her, and now called S. Pietro in Vincoli. Both chains appear to be there at present, kept in a bronze tabernacle executed by Pollajuolo. The chain at Constantinople must have been removed in very early times, for we find the ambassadors of the Emperor Justinian begging some small portion for their master. Filings of these chains, enclosed in crosses and golden keys, were a highly esteemed gift in the Middle Ages. Gregory the Great sent such a key to King Childebert. One link of the chain is shown at Vienna. "The iron gates through which the angel of the Lord led Peter out of prison, and which were never opened afterwards," were to be seen in Jerusalem in the time of Bernard the Wise. The door of the house of Mary, the mother of John Mark, at which Peter knocked, is in the Syrian convent of St. Mark in the same city. One of his sandals is at Oviedo; and "at Sainet Saviour's in Spaine," says Calvin, "they have one of Sainet Peter's slippers, but of the fashion and the thing whereof it is made, I can make no mention; but it is to be supposed that it is such like marchandise as that which is at Poitiers, the whiche are made of satynne brodered wyth gold. Behold howe brave they do make him after his death for to recompense him of the povertie wherein he lived duryng his lyfe tyme." At Oviedo also is a portable altar, which he and the other Apostles used to carry about with them. "It is shaped like a book, is encased in silver, and decorated inside with ivory-carvings, and certainly is a work of the tenth century." En suite with this there is his cope at Rome, on which Calvin remarks: "It was not yet in those dayes the fashion or maner so to disguyse themselves; for they did not playe the kynde of Maskers in the Church as they do at this present;" his crozier "shewen at Sainet Steven of Groes at Paris;" and his sword, about which "thei marre all, in that they can not agree, for they of Cologne fermeli maintaine that they have it, and likewise they of Tryer;

so in belyng the one the other, thei geve good occasion that one shuld beleve neither of them both."

It may appear strange that the question whether St. Peter were ever at Rome or not could ever have been a matter of controversy; yet no little pains have been taken to show that the stories of the Apostle's visit to that city are wholly apocryphal. The question, however, has now, I believe, been pretty well settled in the affirmative, and the attempts to upset it acknowledged as the invention of some over-zealous Protestant, perhaps as a set-off against the Popish cock-and-bull story of the "Nag's Head" consecration of our English bishops. The reason of his visiting Rome was, according to tradition, to counteract Simon Magus, who had acquired great influence even with the Emperor, and yet was so feared by the people that a statue was erected to him with the inscription "Simoni Deo Sancto." Whilst at Rome he was the guest of the Senator Pudens, whose daughters, Praxedes and Pudentiana,—the Senator himself had been St. Paul's first convert in Rome,—were persuaded by him to embrace Christianity. The site of this house is now occupied by the church of S. Pudentiana, and here the table at which he ate is still preserved. The "Pontifical chair" in which he and many of his successors sat is in St. Peter's, encased in bronze, the work of Bernini in 1667. The marble throne which he used at Antioch is in the Church of S. Pietro di Castello, in Venice. The wooden table used by him in the administration of the Eucharist is at the Lateran—none but the Pope, or a Cardinal authorised by special brief, being allowed to officiate on it now. The prison in which he was confined was the Mamertine. Here is still pointed out the pillar to which he was bound, and a mark on the surface of the wall is said to have been made by his head, in some rough treatment by his gaolers. Processus and Martinianus, the two men into whose charge he was committed, were soon converted by his preaching, and as there was no water at hand with which to baptize them, a spring, still existing, burst up in the prison. One tradition as to the site of his crucifixion led to the building of Bramante's most beautiful temple of S. Pietro in Montorio, in the crypt of which is shown the hole in which the cross stood. Another tradition gives a very different locality. After his crucifixion his remains were placed in the catacombs of the Vatican, but removed to those of S. Callixtus when Nero made a circus over the Apostle's first burying-place. In the time of Vespasian an attempt was made by some Greeks to carry off his remains and those of St. Paul. On being recovered they were placed for some time in the catacombs of the Church of St. Sylvester. When St. Cornelius removed them from this place in the middle of the fourth century, the bodies were divided,—one half of each Apostle being deposited in the Church of S. Paolo fuori le Mura on the Ostian Road, the other half of St. Peter's body being carried back to its original burying-place, where it is still. On the Friday before Palm Sunday these relics are placed upon the high altar, and the Pope goes in great state to visit them. The heads of

both Apostles are in the Lateran, encased in silver, and some of their teeth are in the Church of S. Prassede. I must not forget his toenails, which at one time are said to have been so abundant that they would have filled a sack.

St. Andrew suffered martyrdom at Patras, in Achaia, on a cross of the shape still called St. Andrew's Cross. It was brought to the nunnery of Weaune, near Marseilles; but was afterwards removed to the Abbey of St. Victor, where it is still preserved. Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, having obtained some portions of the cross in 1433, put his new order of knighthood, the Golden Fleece, under the patronage of St. Andrew, just as King Achais did in Scotland, and as has been done in Russia. The body of the Apostle was carried to Constantinople in 367, where it remained till 1220, when it was removed to Amalfi. Another tradition, however, tells us that Regulus, a monk of Patras, being warned by a dream, set off in 369 with "the relics" of St. Andrew, and landed in Scotland, where the relics were deposited in what was afterwards the Cathedral of St. Andrew's, the Apostle becoming soon afterwards the patron saint of Scotland. Whether these relics consisted of more than an arm is not quite clear. The head, however, came into possession of Pius II. in 1461—accounts differ as to the source—and is now at St. Peter's. It was stolen in 1848, but afterwards discovered and restored. Whilst the body was at Patras, an oil distilled from it, which had great reputation for miraculous cures. After being at Amalfi for some time, the oil made its appearance again, and became both famous and profitable, under the name of the "manna of St. Andrew." Amongst other wonderful things it performed, it dispersed the Turkish fleet under Heyradin Barbarossa, in 1544.

The Amalfi body, however, was not the only one that St. Andrew possessed. Before the Revolution, the Church of St. Simeon at Toulouse was owner of no less than six, if not seven, of the Apostles, St. Andrew being one of them. No wonder there was an inscription over the entrance, "*Non est in toto sanctior orbe locus.*" Besides the head at Rome, Calvin tells us, "there is in Sainct Grisogone a shoulder, at Sainct Eustace a side, at the Holy Ghost's Church an arme, I cannot tel what other part at Blaise, at Aix, in Province, a fote."

St. James the Greater is the patron saint of Spain. The body of the Apostle, after his decapitation, placed itself in a boat, which came for the purpose, and set off for Spain. On his way he passed by Bouzas, in Portugal, where the wedding of the lord's daughter was taking place. One of the amusements on the occasion was throwing the cane, which took place on the sea-shore. To the consternation of the party, the bridegroom's horse plunged into the sea, only emerging when it reached the boat of St. James, which had stopped for the purpose. After the interview, the horse again disappeared, landing afterwards covered, as well as his rider, with scallop-shells; St. James being pleased to promise that he would take good care of any pilgrim who should visit his future

shrine, and wear a scallop-shell in token of having done so. Papal bulls excommunicated those who dared to sell pilgrims scallop-shells, except at Santiago.

Leaving Bouzas, the saint's body continued its voyage, and landed not far from Santiago, the stone on which it lay down enveloping it like a cloak. After sundry perils, it was hid in a cavern, where it remained nearly 800 years, when it was discovered by a hermit and removed to Santiago. A pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella (*Campus Stellæ*, from the star which pointed out the place where the body lay,) was as indispensable in the Middle Ages as that to Mecca is for Mohammedans now. No fewer than 2,460 licences for this pilgrimage were granted to Englishmen in the year 1434. At the battle of Clavijo—one of the thirty-eight occasions on which St. James came to help the Spaniards—he appeared, as Castor and Pollux did at Regillus, on a “steed as white as snow,” and killed 60,000 Moors, and ever since then “Santiago!” has been the battle-cry of Spain. In one of the Mexican engagements in which he appeared, his charger was a grey one. Bernal Diaz, who was present on the occasion, thinks that the rider was really Francesco de Morla, and not the Apostle. “Nevertheless,” he adds, “it may be that the person on the grey horse was the glorious Apostle St. James, and that I, sinner as I am, was unworthy to see him.” An articulated figure of the Apostle, kept at Burgos, was sometimes used to place the crown on the heads of the Kings of Spain. A duplicate body was among the treasures of Toulouse; and Southey tells us, anent his heads in Spain, that though at first

He had no head,  
He afterwards had two;  
Which both worked miracles so well,  
That it was not possible to tell  
The false one from the true.

Tradition represents the beloved disciple St. John to have risen again in bodily form immediately after death, and to have ascended into heaven. There are consequently very few relics of him remaining. Sir J. Maundeville has two traditions about him: first, that in his tomb at Ephesus “is nothing but manna, which is angels’ meat;” and, secondly, that he is not dead, but sleeping there. “And in truth there is great marvel, for men may see the earth of the tomb many times openly stir and move, as though there were living things under.” At Rome, the Church of S. Giovanni in Oleo marks the place where, by order of the Emperor Domitian, he was put into a cauldron of boiling oil, out of which he came unhurt. A portion of his coat is at Vienna. The cup out of which he drank poison—tradition varies very widely as to the occasion—had become double in Calvin’s time. “The one is at Bullin, and the other at Rome, at Sainct John of Latran.” He should have said in the Church of S. Croce. A cloth that had enveloped his body was at Rome in the time of Gregory the Great, when the Empress Constantia sent to

him for some relics of St. Peter and St. Paul. He sent her instead a portion of this "*brandeum*." The Empress being much displeased, the Pope, to show that such things were not to be despised, laid the *brandeum* on the altar, took a knife and pierced it, and forthwith there issued a stream of blood.

There were also two relics connected with him after his resurrection : one a sandal which he brought to the Empress Galla Placidia, A.D. 425, for the church she built to him on her preservation from a storm she met with on her way from Constantinople to Ravenna ; the other a ring, which Edward the Confessor gave to a mendicant pilgrim, as he was returning one day from Westminster Abbey. Four-and-twenty years afterwards, St. John presented himself to two English pilgrims in Palestine, and commanded them to restore the King his ring, which had really been given to himself. This was done accordingly. On the King's death it was committed to the Abbot of Westminster, to be kept there for ever ; and there, no doubt, if it is not gone, it remains still. Another account, however, says that it was deposited in the chapel of Havering, in the parish of Hornchurch, Essex, and there remained till the Reformation.

St. Philip had two bodies, one at Toulouse, the other in the church of the Santi Apostoli at Rome. His arm was brought from Constantinople to Florence in 1204. St. Bartholomew was even better provided ; one body is in the church of S. Bartolommeo in Isola at Rome : another, Calvin tells us, was "in the kingdom of Naples ; and yet, above all this, the skinne of Sainct Barthelmew is at Pise," and a hand besides, not to mention other relics in other places. The Roman specimens came there in 983, having been in 508 at Duras in Mesopotamia, then in the Isle of Lipari, and subsequently at Benevento. The Bishop of Benevento sent an arm to Edward the Confessor, who gave it to the Cathedral of Canterbury.

At Croyland Abbey there used to be a custom of giving small knives to all comers on St. Bartholomew's Day, in allusion to the tradition of his having been flayed alive by order of Astyages, King of Armenia. It was put a stop to in the time of Edward IV. on account of the expense.

"Sainct Matthew and Saynet Thomas have remayned the most poorest," says Calvin ; but he mentions the body of the former as being at Salerno, where it is still, in the cathedral dedicated to him by Robert Guiscard, the Norman King of Naples and Sicily, who plundered Pæstum to decorate it. The body was brought from the East in 930. "Wyth his bodye he hath but onely certayne bones at Trier, an arme at Rome, at Sainct Marcell and at Saynet Nicolas a head." One of his bones is at Cologne. St. Thomas's body is mentioned by Calvin as being "at Ortone ;" his head is at Valencia, "which was taken every year in grand procession to revisit his body at the Socos." But Sir J. Maundeville declares that in the country of the Mabaron, ten days' journey from India, "lies the body of St. Thomas, the Apostle, in flesh and bone, in a fair tomb, in the city

of Calamy, for there he was martyred and buried. But men of Assyria carried his body to Mesopotamia, into the city of Edessa; and afterwards he was brought thither again. And the arm and the hand that he put in our Lord's side when he appeared to Him after His Resurrection, is yet lying in a vessel without the tomb. By that hand they make all their judgments. For when there is any dissension between two parties, and each of them maintains his cause, both parties write their causes in two bills and put them in the hand of St. Thomas; and anon he casts away the bill of the wrong cause and holds still the bill with the right cause. And therefore men come from far countries to have judgment of doubtful causes." A cross stained with his blood, and part of the Brahmin's lance that caused his death, are said to have been found, together with some of his bones, at Malipur, the ancient metropolis of Coromandel, by one of the viceroys of John III., King of Portugal.

Maundeville was much astonished at the veneration paid to an idol in the same church in which the body of the Apostle was resting. "To that idol men go on pilgrimage, as commonly and with as great devotion as Christian men go to St. James or other holy pilgrimages. . . . In a word, they suffer so great pains and so hard martyrdoms for love of their idol, that a Christian, I believe, durst not take upon him the tenth part of the pain for the love of our Lord Jesus Christ."

James the Less was to be found at Toulouse, and again in the Church of the Santi Apostoli at Rome. A spare head is at Santiago. If he were the same person with James the first Bishop of Jerusalem, there is another relic connected with the Apostle, the episcopal chair he used to occupy, now preserved in the Armenian convent at Jerusalem.

The bodies of St. Simon and St. Jude pretty well exhaust the list of the treasures of Toulouse; other relics of them are at St. Peter's.

I must not forget the tree on which Judas Iscariot hanged himself. In Bishop Arculf's time it was a fig-tree, but Sir J. Maundeville calls it an elder. It is a solitary blasted tree, standing on the Hill of Evil Counsel.

On the site of the house of St. Mark, at Jerusalem, is now a church, containing the font, with its silver cover, in which the Evangelist was baptized. When murdered in Alexandria, the Christians collected his mangled remains, and deposited them in a church in that city, where they remained till 815, when Bono, the tribune of Malamocco, "conveyed" them to Venice, where they were placed in the Church of St. Theodore. Subsequently this church was destroyed, and the present noble structure erected in its stead. The saint's body was placed in a secret spot under one of the great pillars, for fear of a second over-zealous relic-hunter. St. Mark is the patron saint of Venice, and his name her battle-cry. In the treasury is a reliquary, said to contain a fragment of the autograph copy of his Gospel. His ring, in the same treasury, was put into the hands of a fisherman, who on February 25, 1340, rowed three men out to sea in the midst of a fearful storm, which threatened to destroy the



city. The three passengers were in reality St. Mark, St. George, and St. Nicholas di Lido; and the ring was to be the warrant for the handsome reward the fisherman was to claim from the State, as having been the means of its preservation.

St. Luke, according to one account, suffered martyrdom at Patras. Accordingly it was from that place that his remains were translated by Constantius, in 357, and carried off to Constantinople; though some portions appear to have been sent to Brescia, Nola, and Fondi. When the Church of the Apostles at Constantinople was repaired by Justinian, three wooden chests were found, with inscriptions stating that they contained the bodies of St. Luke, St. Andrew, and St. Timothy. Gregory the Great had the head conveyed to Rome, and placed in the monastery of St. Andrew. Other relics of the Evangelist are to be found on Mount Athos.

With respect to other persons whose names are mentioned in the Gospels, I may say that the arm of St. Simeon, on which he bore our Lord in the Temple, is at Aix-la-Chapelle; and Bertrandon de la Brocquiere was shown his body at Zara, in Dalmatia. The remains of Nicodemus are at Pisa, to which city they were given, together with those of Gamaliel, by Godfrey of Bouillon, for the services its citizens had rendered him in the Crusades.

Joseph of Arimathæa set off from Palestine with the determination to wander about the earth till he had found a second Mount Tabor. Eventually he landed on Wearyall Hill, near Glastonbury, the low grounds in those days being covered by the sea, and in the Tor recognized the object of his search. He struck his stick into the ground (another tradition says, a thorn from the Crown of Thorns), where immediately it took root, becoming, in fact, the famous Glastonbury thorn, which, according to a most true and veritable chap-book, budded on the morning of Christmas Day, blossomed at noon, and faded away at night. The original tree existed till the time of Queen Elizabeth, when one of its two trunks was destroyed by a Puritan, who would have cut down the other as well, if a chip had not jumped up, of its own accord of course, and put his eye out. A "military saint" in the time of Charles I. completed its destruction. Descendants, however, which still bloom at Christmas, may be seen in the abbey grounds. Another famous tree at Glastonbury was the walnut, brought by a pilgrim from Palestine, which came suddenly into leaf every St. Barnabas's day, fragments of which were highly esteemed as charms against every sort of misfortune. King James, though he did not believe in tobacco, was a firm believer in the Glastonbury walnut.

It may seem strange that any uncertainty should exist as to whether Mary Magdalen was the same person as Mary the sister of Martha or not, yet not only is the point uncertain, but so strong is the evidence on both sides, it appears absolutely indeterminable. Common tradition, however, makes them the same, and represents the Magdalen coming, with her sister and Lazarus, to Marseilles, where Lazarus was the first bishop, and

taking up her abode in a cave called Le Saint Beaume, between Toulon and Marseilles. Her relics were discovered in the thirteenth century at St. Maximins, and "were authentically proved genuine by many monuments found with them." Charles of Anjou, who had been taken prisoner by the King of Arragon, ascribed his liberation to the Magdalen, and caused her remains to be transferred, with great pomp, to the church he had built at that place; and there they exist still. The head is in a subterranean chapel, in a gold case set with large diamonds. It consists only of her skull, except a small portion of the forehead—the spot where our Saviour is said to have touched her. But there are other claimants for the possession of her relics. As Calvin says, "There foloweth after Lazarus and Magdeline his sister. As touching him, he hath, as farre as I know, but thre bodies; one is at Mersels, the other at Anthum, the thyrd at Avalon. . . Forasmuch as Magdeline was a woman, it behoved that she should be inferiour to her brother, therefore she hath but two bodies, whereof the one is at Vesele, near Auserre, and the other, which is of greater renome, at St. Maximins, in Province. There where the head is a part, with her *noli me tangere*, whiche is a piece of waxe, which some doe thynke to be the marke that Jesus Christ gave her in despit because he was sory that she woulde touch him." The Vezelay one, Butler suggests, may be that of "some other Mary mentioned in the Gospel." Calvin, however, had never read *Willibald's Travels*, or he would have known that a third body was at Ephesus, which the Greeks held to be the genuine one, and which was translated to Constantinople by Leo the Wise.

Of the Apostle chosen into the room of the traitor—St. Matthias—one body is in the abbey church of Trier, another at St. Maria Maggiore at Rome—though this last may possibly belong to another Matthias, one of the early bishops of Jerusalem; and Calvin declares there is another at Padua. "Besydes this, he hath a head and an arme aparte likewise at Rome."

The remains of St. Stephen were interred about twenty miles from Jerusalem, at the expense of Gamaliel. Here they remained till the fifth century, when Gamaliel himself revealed to a Greek priest the place of their sepulture. They were then transferred, in the first instance, to Jerusalem, and secondly, by Theodosius the younger, to Constantinople; though Sir J. Maundeville says the greater part of his head was still in Jerusalem in his time. Some of his relics had also been carried off to Glastonbury in 962, along with those of the patron saint of Wales, St. David, who had built a chapel there. Some of St. Stephen's bones, and of his blood as well, are at Aix-la-Chapelle. The Constantinopolitan relics were removed by Pope Pelagius to Rome and deposited in the Basilica of St. Lorenzo. When the sepulchre of that saint was opened for the reception of St. Stephen, he moved on one side to give the proto-martyr the place of honour, and won himself very properly in consequence the title of "*Il Cortese Spagnuolo*."

Many places are pointed out as connected with St. Paul. For instance, there is, at Damascus, the house of Justus, where he stayed on his first visit there, containing, curiously enough, the tomb of Ananias, though Ananias's own house is pointed out in another part of the city. The Turks in Sir J. Maundeville's time, and perhaps still, held the tomb in great reverence and kept a lamp constantly burning before it. Then there is the window where he was let down by a basket, but the basket itself seems to have disappeared. Then at Rome we have the centurion's house in which he lodged, now occupied by the Church of S. Maria in Via Lata, with a spring of water to which a similar history is attached as that of St. Peter's in the Mamertine prison. The house of Pudens, whose wife Claudia is called the daughter of Caractacus, in which he afterwards lodged, has been already mentioned. He is said to have been beheaded on a spot now made most dreary and desolate by malaria, where is the Church of S. Paolo alle Tre Fontane, which gets its name from the three fountains which sprang up on the three places where his head bounded after decapitation. The pillar also is shown in the same church on which he was put to death. Allusion has been already made to some of the removals his body has had: one half is now in St. Peter's, the other in the Church of S. Paolo fuori le Mura, so interesting to Englishmen as the church of which our Kings were protectors before the Reformation. The original church, however, was burnt down in 1823. His chains are also at Rome, except perhaps one link, which is at Vienna. His head is kept with that of St. Peter in the Lateran.

Barnabas is said to have been stoned to death at Salamis in Cyprus, and there buried. His remains were found in the time of the Emperor Zeno, with the autograph Gospel of St. Matthew, which he had always carried about with him on his breast. It was sent to the emperor.

I must only further mention that the relics of Aquila and Priscilla are in the Church of S. Prisca at Rome.

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NOTE.—I am enabled through the courtesy of Mr. Ainsworth, of Smithills Hall, to say that the impression of the foot of George Marsh, mentioned in the January number of the *Cornhill*, was not destroyed by fire, but "is still an object of curiosity and interest to a large number of visitors."

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## Lettice Fisle.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### A FIGHT WITH THE "FAIR TRADERS."



IT is a very painful moment to a girl, all whose actions have been hitherto under the control of others, when she suddenly finds that the responsibility of decision really rests upon her, and that no one else can share with her the bitter burden of inflicting pain—that it is her own will which has done the deed, her own words which have given the wound, and that she can shelter herself behind no one else even in her thoughts for the act. Lettice passed a miserable night and morning; she had no one to speak to, no one who could give her a word of comfort or advice. She dared not go down to "The

Chine," for she knew how tenderly Mary felt towards her brother-in-law and did not feel sure how she would take her refusal.

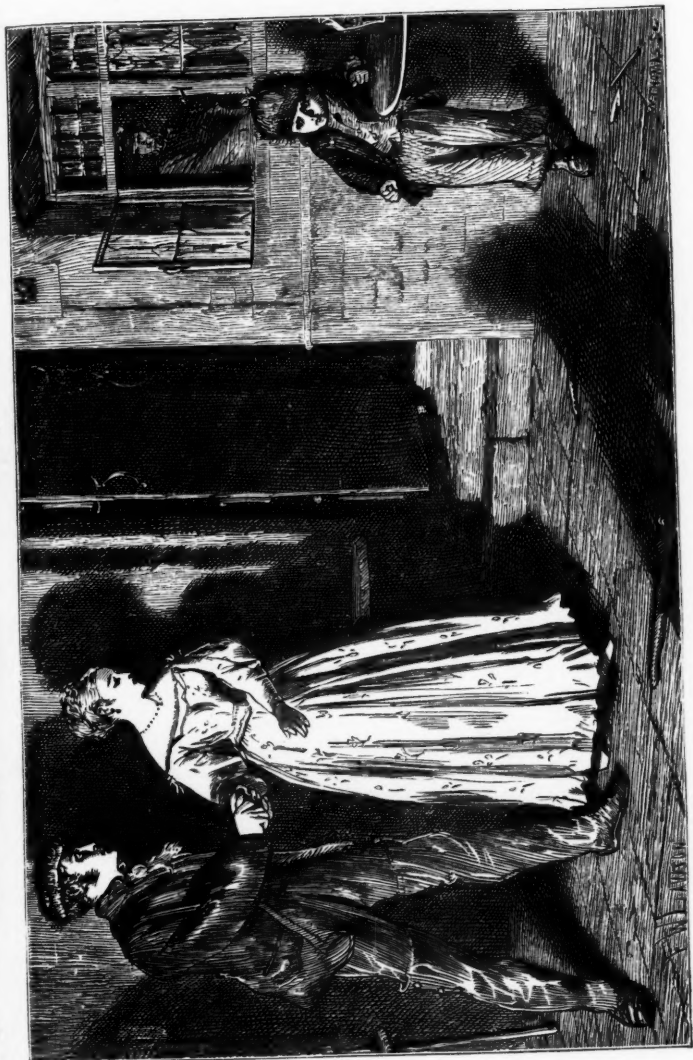
There was a good deal of coming and going at the Puckspiece, but "you'd best know nothin' of it, if so be you should be asked," said Mrs. Edney, when she inquired.

Late in the afternoon, however, David appeared with the important air of a messenger of state.

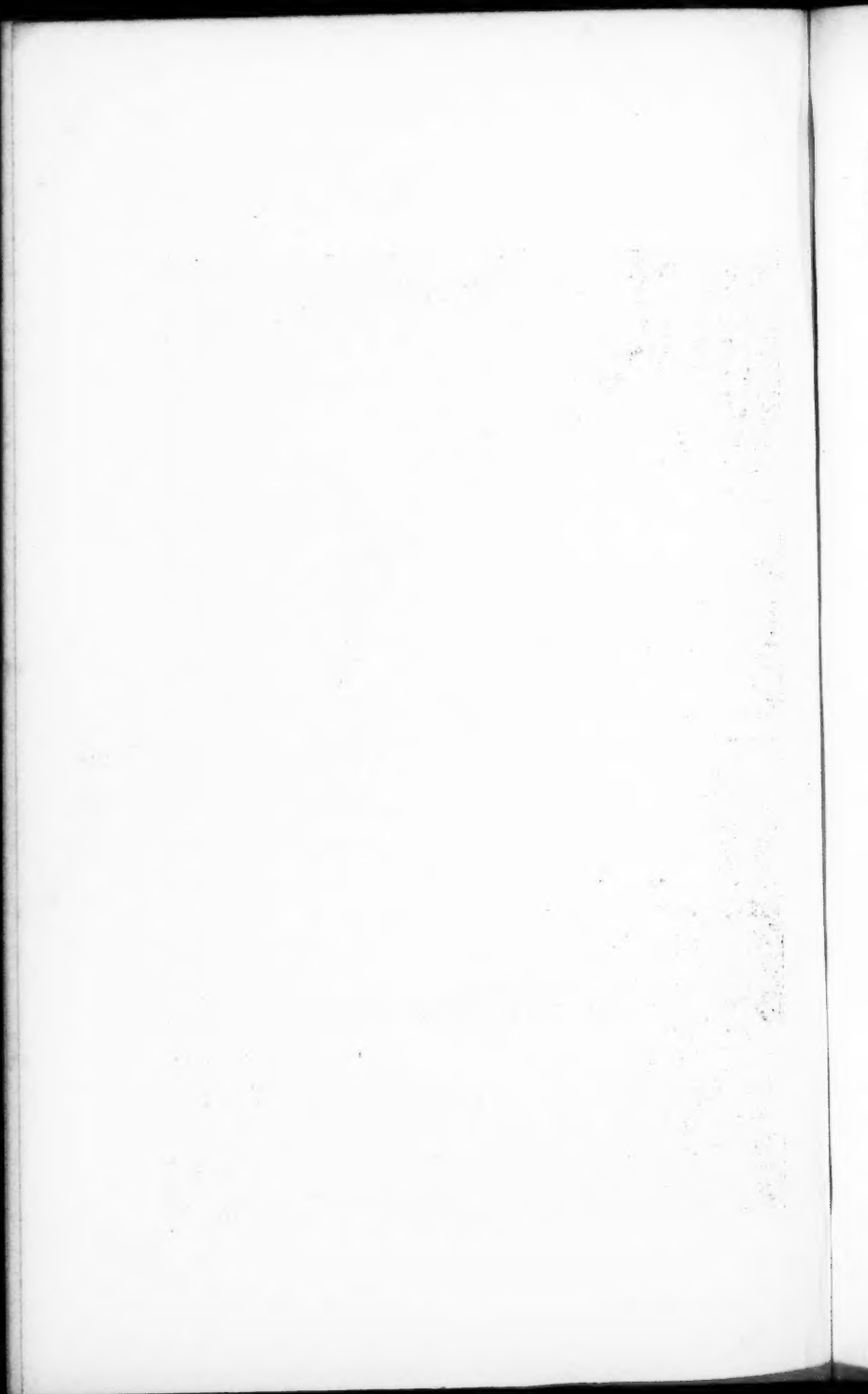
"Aunt Mary sends word as how you're to go down to her without fail, as soon as may be, and she was all alone she bid me say, and wanted ye sorely, and I'm in a great hurry," he called out when she tried to stop him, and ran off.

She hurried down to the pilot's cottage as soon as she possibly could.

"Oh, Lettie!" said Mary, eagerly, as the girl came panting into the house; and then she paused as if she hardly knew how to go on. "Set ye down, chile; why, you're all in a trimble with coming so fast. What



LETTICE'S LOVERS.





were that imp Davy about to hurry ye so?" said she, as if to gain time. "I wanted to see ye, Lettie, sorely: there's such a deal going on, and folk setting theirselves to their ruin, and no'one to speak a word like, and I scarce know where to turn," said the poor woman, strangely moved from her usual calm condition. "There's summat doing more nor o'r'nary—a great landin' o' goods somewhere or 'nother: that imp David telled me a bit, and I wormed the rest out o' Edwin's wife. Ye didn't know (how should ye?) how Jesse's been strivin' these months past to persuade Caleb to give o'er wi' fair-trading and bide along o' he. 'Tain't so much as he thinks a keg or two o' sperits nor a bit o' sugar 'll do any one's soul hurt; but there's been summun killed down coast, where there was a big run last month, and the revenue officers is just mad, and swears summun shall hang for't next time they catches 'um at it; and Jesse he said, says he, when it come to losing life and takin' of it, he did conceive that were agin God's law, let alone man's, and that Caleb hadn't no right to risk doing neither the one nor the t'other. And the lad had as good as said he would give o'er wi' 'um and not go nigh 'um no more—" and then Mary hesitated. "And last night when he come home he were like one crazy mad, and said he didn't care what came o' him wi' the gaugers, and then he went off wi' Edwin, as had waited for him with the boat, hopin', after all, as he might think better on it. Yer father's been egging of him on, and persuading him as this'n were to be the biggest ventur' of the season, and 'twould be coward like to leave 'um that time when they was sure to have a fight for't: that's what Edwin's wife telled me, and Caleb went off wi' he yesterday. Eh, if I had but heerd on it! but they never tells me them things, because o' Jesse. And yer father! if he chooses to risk his own neck, he didn't ought to lead they young 'uns into the trouble. He were in for it hisself ten year ago, and left, ye know, to be out o' the way; and when he thinks 'tis blowed over, here he's risking it again. And now he's after my boy, who'd ha' been quiet enow an he'd been just left alone," moaned Mrs. Jesse.

Lettrice sat by with her hand over her eyes, but did not speak.

"I did think maybe Caleb might be up to yer father most like even now. They never knows, not exact, when nor where the run will land, and this time the cutter's out, and the coastguard has warning a' along the line, and that makes our fellows just more mad for to circumvent 'um."

"But what can I do?" said Lettrice, the great tears gathering in her eyes.

"They say as they'll land first at the Puckspiece for to git yer father. Couldn't ye send and say wouldn't Caleb come to ye, and then if ye can get the speech o' him, tell 'um it isn't right o' him to be so venturesome, and to risk his life like that—ask him not to fling hisself into the fire, as no good can come of it."

"But he won't give it o'er for me asking o' him," replied the girl.

"He'd do anything you asted o' him," said Mrs. Jesse, energetically,

without looking at her. "Don't ye know as he'd lay his hand o' the fire if ye wanted it?" And she wrung her hands as she spoke.

"I'll try what I can," said Lettice, slowly; "but wouldn't he think as I meant more than——?"

"Couldn't ye think o' him, Lettie?" interrupted Mrs. Jesse. "There ain't many not like him. He's so tender, and thoughtful, and kind, for all that bantering way with him. I dunnot know what like him may be as you've a set yer mind to, but he must be a terrible good 'un as he's fit to tie his shoestrings to Caleb, as yer father's a lurin' on to destruction."

Lettice looked the picture of misery, but she was silent.

"And a queer thing love is, to be sure," said Mrs. Jesse, almost passionately. "Here's this 'un ye cares for as ye scarce know, nor has seed not a score o' times in yer life, maybe; and for to be true to he as don't care so much as to come anigh ye this long fur time" (Lettie winced) "ye won't hold out yer hand ever such a bit to save life and liberty for one as is being dragged in by yer own father to his ruin, and would lay down his life cheerful for ye any day, as well ye knows it. Save him, child, if ye can, and see after about lovin' of him."

Poor Lettice was sore beset; she had risen to go, and stood now, the great tears rolling slowly down her cheeks, but very still, with her hands clasped before her so tightly that her own gripe gave her pain, while she was hardly conscious of the reason.

"I'll do what I can," said she; "but 'twouldn't do to ask him to stop for my sake when I haven't got that sort to give 'um as he wants me to, or to hinder of him going with that kind o' words, aunt Mary; 'twould do no good for to act lies no more than to speak 'um. I don't love him. I'll go home directly, happen he may come up to our place though."

"I don't want thee to say aught to him as isn't true; but sure, plenty's the words as thou could'st find in thy heart for to say to him an yer would try for 'um as is true as gospel, and yet would serve to kip him quiet for a while till this bout's over."

Mrs. Jesse was more used to give help and advice than to ask for either. She felt as if she had done her hard task ungraciously, and was urging the poor girl more than she would have dared to do in her calmer moments, and she threw her apron over her head and moaned pitifully.

The afternoon was close, almost oppressive, and hardly a breath of air was stirring. Poor Lettice felt as if she were stifling, and drew near the door, too miserable to answer, and not knowing what to do.

"There's a smartish storm coming up. 'Tis queer weather for so late in the year," said Mrs. Jesse at last, with a heavy sigh, and looking out at the sea. "I wonder where 'twill find the boat! and Jesse, too, where's he? Look at them margets!" she interrupted herself as three magpies flew by. "Two for a wedding, three for a funeral. Whatever

will that mean? David shall go with ye," she added, as she saw Lettice preparing to set out. "'Tis trimming likely as there's bad folk abroad to-day, and he can stop at the Puckspiece for when ye want him: ye may chance find as ye can send to our folk somewhere."

"She must go by the cliffs then if I'm to go with her," said that worthy, with great determination; "there's all sorter things may le a doin' out at sea as a man wants to look at."

They set forth together. The little sheep-path wound in and out, following the line of coast, sometimes so close to the edge that you could pitch a pebble on to the shore a couple of hundred feet or more just below; sometimes the little green riband of turf fell back among the tangles of heather and furze. The boy was so intent upon watching the sea that she could hardly get him along at all.

"I must get on, David," said she, at last. "Look! what's that?" and she laid her hand on him as she pointed to a trim vessel behind him, with all its sails set, which came creeping round the projecting horn of the bay in the windless calm.

"Eh, yer beast!" answered he, shaking his small fist at it. "Bad luck to it. It's the revenue cutter, a villain, hovering round the coast after mischief. And look," he added, "yonder, far out at sea, there's them other sails. I wonder which on 'em is ourn? Wouldn't they give summut to be up here, both on 'um, where they can see out no end of way off?"

On the dark line of the sea, where it met the horizon, a score of little ships, with all sails spread, trying to catch a breeze, were attempting to get up the Channel; but were almost as stationary as "painted ships upon a painted ocean," each looking like a white butterfly.

There was evidently a storm rising. The deep voice of the sea sounded like the angry growl of a wild beast before it springs: the note was low, but threatening, though all was so still; two or three large drops fell out of the sultry copper-coloured sky.

"'Twill be a wonderful night," said the boy. "Lots o' folk will be about soon as 'tis dark." And he turned to the west, where the sun was setting in a pomp of lurid orange and red.

"They doesn't talk much afore thee, fear thou'lt let out summat; but la! thou'st not sharp enow for that! What hurt could such a little 'un as thee do? Why, I could knock thee down wi' my fut," said the imp, from the height of his magnificent three feet six. "There'll be fine doings p'r'aps, who knows, to-night? Since that run at Roxton Creek a month back, the gaugers, they says, is that mad angry, for not a soul would tell, and the kegs o' speerit worth three guineas each and more; they swore the next shouldn't pass like that."

As they reached the little hill behind the Puckspiece came the first thunder-clap, sudden and sharp.

The girl sank into the heather, and hid her face.

"Run, Lettie, yer silly!" cried the little lad, shaking her. "Theest'll be soaked like a herring!" And he dragged her in as the rain came down like a waterspout, almost before they had gained their shelter.

"You'd best stay to-night," said Mrs. Tony, as David stood before the fire with much majesty; "yer aunt won't look for ye."

"Do ye know what's come o' the lugger? When did she get off?" said Lettice, anxiously.

At that moment, Tony came into the kitchen with a wonderfully busy manner about him.

"I shall want ye, ye little chap—ye'd best stay; the speerits is out to-night rumbling and rampaging like anything," he said, half laughing as he looked at Lettice.

David cast a knowing wink at her. "I'll stay," said he, with great condescension.

The rain came down with a will, the thunder-claps succeeded each other like salvoes of artillery, but they did not last: the clouds passed over their heads after a time, and the storm sank away.

The night was very dark, the thunder had not cleared the air, the wind uncertain and in puffs.

"David, come out wi' ye," said Tony, who had again left the house, and now looked in with a great armful of sticks. "The bavins\* is dry in the sheds: you go and fetch 'em out as quick as you can."

"A beacon!" cried the boy in great delight, turning head over heels as he spoke.

"You hold your tongue!" said Tony.

"They ain't a goin' to land here?" inquired his wife, with some anxiety.

"There ain't no choice but here. There's too many to fight to-night. The coastguard's gone to 'The Bunny,' and the cutter's off the Dutchman's Wrook. Norton's got summun to peach as we was going to land there, and the man were to git I dunno what for his pains," said Tony, with a grin. "The coastguard's gone there these two hours back to be ready. Russell seed 'em pass all right."

As the night fell a great waggon and two carts came up the steep sandy road, and took their station close to the little wood.

The beacon was lit on a bare heathery space, just at the very edge of the cliff, and close to where the steep cleft of the bunny opened up from the shore. In spite of the rain the sandy soil was almost dry already, and, with the dry bavins, nominally collected for the brick-kiln, they were able to keep up a great light, which flared high in the air, leaping up in great forked flames from time to time, as armsful of gorse and pine-branches were heaped upon it, and then sinking again low and red.

There was a pause: the men fed the fire steadily, and their black forms could be seen against the light as they went to and fro with the fuel.

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\* Faggots.

"Whatever have they done to the other beacon at the Monk's Head?" said one of them. "There did ought to have been one there for to mislead the cutter; but it must ha' gone out. P'raps their wood ain't so dry as ourn," he added, peering into the darkness; "it's lucky that at Froyle Creek is all right."

The stamping of the horses was heard on the other side the little wood; else out of the sound of the waves all was still, and the darkness lessening as the moon was rising and the heavy clouds clearing away.

In a few minutes the brown sail of the lugger came in sight for a moment within the circle of light cast by the beacon upon the sea, and then passed into more convenient obscurity. The boats came off with muffled oars, and there was some bustle and confusion on the shore of the little cove, where they were landing the cargo.

Presently a line of heads began to appear above the cliff as man after man came up, each with a keg slung before and two behind. There were few words spoken—a little laughter; but they were in too great a hurry for anything but their work.

"Hand 'um up one from t'other, t'would be far quicker," said Norton Lisle's voice.

The busy line of men stretched from nearly the bottom of the cliff, where the kegs were being hoisted out of the boats, to the top of the bunny, and down the shelving path—slippery with the fir pines—which led through the wood to the spot where the carts were ready in waiting for their cargo.

The last of the kegs was landed and the vessel was just clearing off, when a loud cry arose on land where the men were loading the goods, as the coastguard came upon them, while at sea the dreaded cutter came standing in with all her sails set. She had found out the mistake in her intelligence as soon as the party on shore; but though nearer in distance from "The Bunny," the wind had obliged her to tack out to sea without even the beacon to guide her the chief part of the way—for the light had been put out as soon as possible after the lugger was safely in, and she had been beating up and down for the point in the dark pretty much at hazard.

"Now for it, lads!" cried Norton, as the "swingels" began to play—the same cudgels with which their ancestors, the West Saxons, had done good service under Alfred; and again later on, it is said, at the battle of Sedgemoor.

To maim an officer in discharge of his duty was "felony without benefit of clergy," as they knew well, but cudgel-blows were supposed to be all fair play: they were nearly two to one, but the coastguard and the crew of the cutter were both well armed, and the fight was therefore not unequal. In the dark wood many a Homeric combat went on unsung, "and one seized his foeman by the midst, another smiting on the head, dragged him gasping." There is nothing like the use of blunt weapons for developing individual prowess: to give and take for half an

hour, without serious harm, enables a degree of skill and courage to be shown which is sadly cut short by "villanous saltpetre" taking effect at five hundred yards' distance, while it must have required "a good deal of killing" before Ajax's brazen sword took effect on his foes.

The "swingels" were going merrily, but the blood of the revenue officers began to rise: it was difficult to stand the smart blows of nearly invisible cudgels without returning something in kind.

"Drive on!" shouted Norton to the carters.

"At your peril!" cried the chief gauger. "If the waggons stir, I'll shoot the leader."

The carters, without attending to him, urged on the team; he fired: the poor horse, maddened with pain, turned short round and the man fell under his feet. David was close at hand, nearly under the wheels, but he had as many lives as a cat, and scrambled out on the other side, and the next moment was hammering and shaking the closed door of the house.

"Let me in, let me in, aunt Sally; I must come in."

Mrs. Tony cautiously undid the bolts.

"Give me uncle Tony's pistols—he wants 'um," said he, breathlessly, as she locked the door again.

"And that's what you shan't have," said she, very determinedly.

"I must, I tell'ee! The coastguard's beginning to fire, and the cutter's men has their cutlasses, and don't ye hear Norton screeching like mad to the carters to drive off, and the other t'other gauger shouting to 'um to stop? And they say as that young Wynyate as is so hot agin' the fair trading has just a drove up in a gig wi' another young chap."

"Wynyate?" cried Lettice. "Uncle Ned!"

It was what she had always dreaded; her ideas as to his duties were very vague and uncertain, but she knew that very probably this part of the coast might be within reach of his division. She rushed to the window.

"Uncle Ted," she screamed, "don't kill him! It's my father," she cried in an agony.

"What's the use o' that?" said Mrs. Tony, philosophically. "D'ye think they'd give o'er for a girl screeching and squealing like that?"

But Lettice was deaf to such considerations, and while his aunt's attention was directed to her the boy suddenly undid the bolts, and with a burning stick in his hand, rushed out again into the *mêlée*, which was surging fiercely up now round the carts.

"'Tis the first reel fight as they've had this season," said Mrs. Tony, composedly; "but I wish Tony'd come up; he'll get into mischief surely."

As she was shutting the door again, however, her husband forced his way in.

"I must have the pistols! why didn't you send 'um?" he whispered angrily, as he entered the inner room.



"How can ye!" said his wife, in a low eager voice, as she followed him in. "'Tis felony without yer clergy" (she had got up the phrase most patly) "to resist the officers, as you've telled me score and scores of times."

Tony made no answer, but went on fumbling under the bed where they were hidden.

"And ye'r so lame as ye can't help 'um anything to matter," lamented his wife; "'twould be different if ye was one-and-twenty and had yer legs."

"We might save the run yet," he answered, as he knelt down opening a hole in the floor.

A flash passed over his wife's stolid face: she turned suddenly out of the room and locked the door behind her; the window was grated and there was no other means of exit for the lame man. She found the kitchen empty and Lettice gone.

"To be sure!" said she, as she saw that two of her three prisoners had escaped. "Well, if they likes to get their heads broke, 'tis their own look-out: I've got the one as sinnifies safe," she ended to herself, with much satisfaction.

There had been no shooting hitherto, but of the horse—only fair hand-to-hand fighting; but as Lettice came out the report of one pistol was heard and then another. She had lost sight of David—who had dashed forwards—and drew back terrified under the shelter of the house. In a few minutes some one came up dragging a wounded man towards the lighted window.

"I shall be back directly, Dixon," said Ned. "I must just see that the men squander themselves outside by the carts."

And he was off again before she recognized him in the dark, for there was a cry from the wood for help.

She crouched over the wounded ganger trying to do what she could for him in the midst of her terror.

"Are you much hurt?" said she.

"I ain't much the better for it," answered he; "I'm afraid they've pretty well done for me. I hope they'll catch him that fired," he went on, looking eagerly into the darkness. "It were in revenge for killing the horse I do believe."

At that moment a tremendous flare of fire lit up the whole space round: it gleamed on the pine-trunks among which the men were dodging; it showed the carters hurriedly unlading the useless waggon, and helped them to drive off the smaller carts; and it settled a disputed point in one kicking, struggling mass of legs and arms. Two of the coastguard succeeded in securing a man who certainly without the light would have made his escape, while another of the smugglers threw his opponent in a wrestling-match and got away.

A whole group of men now came up towards the house, gesticulating, talking, and explaining, and Lettice could distinguish Everhard's voice.

"It was that man who fired the pistol—I could swear to it—who's got away," said he.

She was hardly surprised: the faculty of wonder seemed dead in her. She felt as in a dream, when nothing seems improbable, and every one turns up everywhere, and the unexpected is what is likeliest to occur.

"What, Lettie!" cried he, in extreme wonder, when he reached the lighted space before the house. He took hold of her anxiously, but was too much interested in what had happened not to go on with his story. "Ned and I had got hold of one of 'um—I believe it were Red Jack: he was the head one for certain, egging on the rest, and I think it was he fired at Dixon. We should have kept him too, but for that fellow who set upon Ned," said he, turning back towards the prisoner. "And eh! I was like nothing by myself in the big man's hands; he threw me like a child; I never felt such fists. But, I warrant, I could swear to them, and that shock of red hair, anywhere though his face was blackened."

To his surprise he felt Lettice shiver in his clasp. He left hold of her suddenly. What could this fellow be to her?

In another moment the prisoners came up heavily ironed, and escorted on both sides.

Lettice knew that the first of them was Caleb by a sort of instinct, even before she saw him.

"I did my best, Lettie," said he, slowly and sadly. "He's safe off, and I should have got away myself if it hadn't been for that beastly light. I wonder who started it?"

The boy put up his face from between the men's legs.

"Oh, Caleb! I's so sorry! I couldn't see, and I did want so bad to see! And the men at the carts was swearin' at the dark, and I thought 'twould help 'um load the kegs, and I set fire to just a very little 'un as had rolled away. I'd allays heerd say the light of the speerits were so fine, and I'd no more thought o' harming ye nor anything!"

The coastguard laughed jeeringly at the boy.

"Well, you've done our business, young 'un, as well as though you'd a been paid for it."

"You've a scuttled my boat pretty fair for me anyhow, David," muttered poor Caleb, with a sigh.

It was but half a victory after all for the revenue officers: their chief was wounded, a great part of the cargo had been carried off; on the other hand, they had secured two prisoners.

"You must manage now for the best yourselves," said Dixon to one of his men, when they had carried him into the house. "I don't think I can do you much more good now. Why, what's this?" he added, as Tony came out of the inner room when the door was undone, crestfallen, but on the whole not sorry to be safe when he saw how matters had fallen out.

"I locked it," said his wife. "He's lame; what for should he get into mischief?"

Dixon laughed rather grimly. "I advise yer, sirrah, to help go after the doctor as fast as ye can, if ye wish to keep out o' mischief with us."

"Lettie, what on earth are you doing here?" said Everhard, gravely, as soon as he had helped to deposit the wounded man on the truckle-bed, and had time to look round.

The girl did not answer.

"Who is Red Jack, and what is he to you, that you should care so for him? I don't understand," went on Everhard, utterly puzzled, and looking jealously about him.

"How was it you was trying to take him?" said Lettice, looking tearfully up into his face. "It was my father, and one of the men says he's wounded too."

"Your father," replied he, with a great start, drawing back.

"Ah," thought she, "he'll not care for me any longer, now he knows that."

"We've no time to lose: there must be men left here to guard what's left of the spirits, and I'm too bad to move," said poor Dixon. "The prisoners must be got off to the cutter. Where on earth can that fellow Wynate be got to?" he went on angrily. "He's allays for putting himself forward when there's no call for him, and now, when he could do some good, nobody can lay hands upon him."

"He took hisself off with the gig when the cry was as Red Jack had got away," said one of the men—"driving, as it were more convenient so to get to the next coastguard station, he said. He'd rouse the country that side, I take it."

"And that's uncommon cool," cried Everhard, much annoyed. "What a shame! and the mare that's come seventeen miles this evening, and not a minute's rest. He'll founder her as sure as fate, and then whatever 'll my father say? What a fool I was to let him bring me here!" he muttered to himself. "How am I to get back without the trap, I wonder?"

"You must go back in the cutter," said Dixon, wearily, "if that's all. Besides, you'll be wanted as a witness for who shot at me, and I don't choose you should be out of our sights. More by token that you'd scarce be safe going off home by land alone this dark night, after you've been helping to lay hands on some of them fair traders; and there's scarce enow of us for to do the work."

"If Norton Lisle's afoot again, there'll chance be a rescue an we don't make haste," said one of the older men.

"There, do you hear," said Dixon, "you go along with the rest?"

As he spoke, Everhard had gone once more to Lettice's side; but she drew back from him, for in the circle of light outside thrown through the door she saw Caleb's face sad and lowering, with such an expression of pain in it that she could not bear to do anything to increase it. He knew

now only too clearly who it was that stood in his way, and he bit his lip till the blood almost came, as he stood there heavily ironed, utterly helpless, hardly able to move hand or foot.

"Oh, if only we could ha' settled it in fair fight, him and me—fists or cudgels either—we should ha' seen which were the best man of us two fast enough," he muttered between his teeth.

"There's no time to waste, lads," said Dixon, lying back. "Lead off them two towards the cutter. 'Twill be safer that way than by land."

Lettice turned away from Everhard, and went out and up to Caleb's side as they were moving off. She laid her hand upon his bound wrists, but he winced as if the touch had been hot iron, for he read her feeling as plainly as if she had spoken it. He saw it was no love that prompted the act, and he hated the mere compassion, and perhaps undervalued its tenderness.

"Oh, Caleb," said she, choked with her tears, "how can I thank ye enow for getting of him off safe; but what will aunt Mary say when she hears you're took?" she sobbed.

He looked at her darkly for a minute, but did not answer, and they walked him away.

Everhard stood by, watching her angrily. She turned coldly from him—she felt almost as if he had her father's blood on his hands. Why had he thrust himself forward thus to help in taking him? it wasn't his business. Mary's innuendoes, too, came back again to her: he might have found out where she was if he had tried before this. Why had he kept away from her all this time?

"So she's took on with that fellow," said Everhard, jealously, to himself. "Well, let her, then!" and he did not seek to come near her again before he followed the rest down to the shore.

The Puckspiece seemed to sink again into silence. David had run off in one direction; Tony was gone for the doctor with one of the men.

The coastguard were busy collecting the scattered kegs. Mrs. Edney was occupied with the wounded man, and Lettice at first had enough to do in assisting her. There was some commotion and noise as other smuggled goods were discovered. But at length they left further examination till daylight, and all was still but the tread of the night-watchers. Mrs. Tony was busy up and down, providing for her unwelcome guests. The sick man had dozed off uneasily. The wind was rising, and sighing sadly in the little pine-wood, as Lettice sat by him, vainly trying to bring her thoughts into order. What would become of her father, and what were the other two out at sea in this stormy night doing and thinking of? Her anger against Everhard sank when she was alone—she discovered all sorts of excellent reasons for his not coming near her—and then she began to take herself to task about Caleb. But her conscience acquitted her in

that direction: she had never encouraged him, or even suspected the young man's love until it was too late.

"What'll they do with that young 'un they've a took?" she heard one coastguard say to the other, as they sat smoking over the fire.

"Hang him," replied an older one, laconically. "Them Edneys is always in mischief."

"Nay, they'll scarce do that, as he weren't armed," said the first; "they'll transport him most like."

So that was what he had risked in trying to save her father.

"Who was that other t'other young chap as drove up wi' Wynyate?" went on the coastguard again.

"'Twere the son of the old feller as lends money, and is no end of rich, they says, down at Mapelford, as is in the ships' office at Seaford; but he'd no call down here with our folk. I can't think what he was after, on'y he's very thick wi' Wynyate."

"Well, that there's the right stuff, though," observed the younger man: "I likes to see a young fellow ready for to hit out agin' anybody and everythink. I wonder is he gone off with the rest in the boat now?"

Tony had returned by this time, bringing with him the doctor: the Puckspiece had not a good name in the neighbourhood; but a surgeon carries a white flag of truce and is welcome and safe everywhere. He did what was necessary for Dixon's wounds, but the man lay in a very precarious state, and the room was so small that Lettice was not wanted any longer: there was more than help enough. "You'd best go to bed, child," said Mrs. Tony, meaning to be kind.

And she retreated to her own little cell. "Nobody wants me," she said, drearily, to herself.

She felt utterly desolate and forsaken: the waters seemed to go over her. There was no one now to whom she could appeal for sympathy: her uncle Amyas could not endure Everhard; even Mary would always feel that she was, however involuntarily, the cause of Caleb's misfortune. Her poor little conscience was tormenting itself with all sorts of doubts: had she done rightly by them all? She seemed to herself like a leaf driven to and fro among these vehement men, with no free will or action left her but the power of giving pain.

The bitter feeling arose within her that by no turn of fate could she now be simply happy at no one's expense, that anyhow she must be the cause of sorrow—until at last she could have moaned aloud as she rocked herself to and fro in her miserable loneliness.

And the stormy wind rose among the pines, and sang its great music among their branches as on a majestic organ, with a solemn sound which made itself heard even amidst the storm of her own feelings, and she turned to listen.

In her Puritan education, her thoughts often came to her, not in her

own words, but in those of the grand old hymns and psalms and spiritual songs of past great men.

"O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope in years to come,"

it seemed to say to her,

"Our shelter in the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home."

"Our shelter!" "home!" repeated the poor child, as the words sank into her heart and stilled her throbbing pulses. And her whole soul went up in a kind of voiceless prayer. "And then she lay and spoke not, but He heard in heaven." And soothed and quieted, she fell asleep at last as the dawn was beginning to break.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### HALF A GALE IN THE CHANNEL.

EVERHARD had turned away and followed the prisoners and their guard. The dim night made the footing difficult and dangerous through the wood and down the front of the sand-cliffs by which they were to reach the shore. There was no time to be lost; the storm was beginning to rise. "Twill be a wild night," said one of the men.

The brilliant lights, where the moon touched the top of a wave, or a shining wet stone, made the black shadows still deeper; and the outlines of the dark figures of the men came out with curious distinctness against the bright light in the sky. By day the features and details are what occupy one's attention; but in twilight it is the outline which principally strikes the eye.

He crawled down the steep chine as best he could, no one taking any notice of him, or caring what became of him. He was in an exceedingly discontented frame of mind upon all subjects. It is not an agreeable sensation to discover that the father of your intended is a smuggler in danger of his life; or, secondly, that you have yourself been actively engaged, without the smallest necessity—as a labour, in fact, of love—in trying to capture him. He was very anxious about Lettice herself; and, finally, he had been left in the lurch, deserted by his friend, stranded, after having been dragged into the pursuit of the smugglers against his will, as he repeated to himself several times in exculpation of his doings—made use of in a way by no means pleasant to his self-love.

The authority over the party was gone after poor Dixon's loss, and the next in command was only anxious to get off his men, and entirely careless about Everhard's comfort or dignity.

"You can go home in the lugger, if you please: the cutter's full," he said, somewhat cavalierly, when appealed to.



Everhard's sympathies went over to the enemy. What call had he to help against the smugglers? They had done him no harm: in fact, at that very moment, there was a cigar of very doubtful extraction in his own pocket; and as he scrambled on after the rest, there was great revulsion in his feelings towards them. He was angry with Lettice, with himself, with everybody, in short, except Caleb, who was sitting before him on a stone, with his head on his knees, looking the picture of misery: for he was fastened now hand and foot. His captors had left him for a moment; there was a good deal of delay and difficulty in getting the men and goods on board: the wind was rising fast, and the tide rising.

Everhard stood a little way off and looked intently at him. The motives for most actions are mixed. He is a bold man who flatters himself that he can understand even his own, or unravel their cloudy texture: the strand is far too much twisted in most cases. His pride had been hurt; he had been made nothing of. He was taken honestly with a sudden compassion for the young fellow whose career he had thus helped to cut short. It is unpleasant, until you are used to it, to assist in shutting up a man for seven years or more, with a chance of hanging, for the sake of a law so purely human and conventional as smuggling. A touch of a mock-heroic impulse of magnanimity came over him. "It was an ugly trick in me," said he to himself. "Can you swim?" he muttered in a low voice as he passed him.

Caleb did not answer. He had vowed a deadly hatred in his heart against his prosperous young rival.

"Who's got the key of the handcuffs?" went on Everhard in the same tone. It was like putting an electric spark into a man, to hear a friendly voice at that moment, but there was no time for more.

"Come up," shouted the officer to him through the noise of the surf; "you're to go in this boat." It was putting off to the cutter heavily laden, amidst a great deal of noise and confusion, nobody seeming exactly responsible for anything. The first prisoner had got in, and they were only waiting for Caleb, who had slipped on the sand, and could not rise, manacled as he was.

"He can't get into the boat with those things round his ankles," said Everhard, helping him up somewhat deliberately. They were off a lee shore with a storm coming on,—there was no time to be lost.

"Take him on board the lugger in the other boat, and mind you're careful to put on the handcuffs again as soon as you're in," screamed the officer, much troubled at his divided responsibility, and at not being able to be in two places at once, in his attempt to get off both vessels safely.

The remainder of the guard had succeeded in getting Caleb into the other boat, and then into the lugger, Everhard keeping close to him. In a few more minutes they had raised the anchor, and were going before the wind much faster than was pleasant on a dark night so near the shore.

Two sailors from the cutter had been sent to take possession of the

little vessel, which was prize, and therefore precious to them all, but the rest of the men on board were all landsmen.

"Help me on with those handcuffs," said the officer, holding tight on to Caleb, though the vessel gave such a tremendous lurch that he could only keep his footing by clinging fast to his prisoner. Caleb smiled a little grimly as he set him straight again.

"You'll want all the help you can get, in such weather, I can tell ye," cried Everhard. "The lugger belonged to the man: he can steer her a deal better than any of you will; he can't get away in a sea like this any way, and I wouldn't risk all our lives, if I were you, with tying up the only man on board as knows anything about the boat. Can't ye leave him till morning, and we get near to the shore again?"

The officer was new to the men and not used to the sea, and much taken aback at finding himself in a place of such responsibility, with no one to command him or to be answerable for mistakes; and Caleb was left at liberty. He had not hitherto uttered a word; but, as the boat went plunging over the heavy dark waves, shivering all over, he seized the tiller-ropes out of the hands of the incapable who had hold of them, and shouted his orders to the other men.

"The boat will behave wonderful. She can swim like a duck wi' a man who knows how to handle her," muttered he, with the sort of stern pleasure in danger which a man often feels who is a real master of his work, and quite over and above the hope of escaping from the horror of being shut up within prison walls.

"Keep her head towards Seaford," screamed the officer.

"You'll not see Seaford to-night," said Caleb, "with the wind dead agin' us, and half a gale in the Channel."

But the noise was much too great for any one to be heard. He had said truly: the little vessel seemed to obey his "handling." She shipped no seas under his skilful steering, though the showers of salt spray came rushing over her as she ploughed her way over the enormous rollers of an inky blackness which came in on her straight from the Atlantic, "without a stick between her and America," and threatening to sink her before morning light.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### WAIFS AFTER A STORM.

THE grey morning was only just beginning to appear, when Lettice was roused from her uneasy sleep by a shower of gravel thrown at the window, repeated again and again. She sprang up, and opening the casement cautiously, saw a little grey thing with a very uncertain outline moving about outside, extremely like the pucks and pixies to whom the place

rightfully belonged. It was making signs to her, and for a moment she drew back startled. "Lettice," said David's voice, "yer father sends ye word as ye was to git him a little bag o' money o' his'n as is hid—" and here his eager whisper became inaudible.

"Where, David? I can't hear," said the girl, anxiously leaning out of the window.

"'Tis in the old chimley in the room where he bided, eleven bricks from the bottom, five bricks from the side. Yer was to git it out wi' this old knife I've a brought ye. And I wish 'twere me as 'twere to do it—'twould be rare fun. But I haven't a care to let them gauger bodies git hold of me," said he with much importance. "Wouldn't they be glad, not they! Norton'll want his money and things for to git clear out o' the countryside; and don't ye trust Tony not anyways, I was to say. See, yer father fastened this bush to me, and nobody can't tell whether I beant a bush mysen!" The imp had got a couple of boughs tied to him before and behind, which "puzzled the sight" of him as it were, and he vanished in the gloaming as he came.

The morning rose dark and dismal: the storms of autumn rain, which had now fairly begun, poured down during the whole day without intermission. The revenue officers tore up every plank about the house, and broke into every place they could think of after concealed goods: the burrow in the hill was discovered behind the stables, and kegs were found in the dreaded well.

The whole place was utterly wretched and miserable; there was not a hole or corner where Lettice could take refuge except in the sick man's room, while the splash of the rain went on uninterruptedly hour after hour.

She went round and round, watching anxiously for an opportunity to get alone into her father's room; but there seemed never a chance. "I'll lay me down there and rest a bit," she had heard one of the men who had been up all night say the first thing after she rose.

At last there was a cry that a fresh hole had been found in the hill: for Tony having discovered that he was likely to get into trouble with the "Board," was at last giving his valuable assistance. The men's attention was all turned to the spot—even poor Dixon raised his head; and Lettice hurried into the dilapidated room. The floor had all been torn up, the rain was dripping through the broken roof: the chimney even had been examined, but without success.

She counted her bricks; but David had not told her on which side she was to search, and the first corner which she tried showed no signs that the blackened mortar had ever been disturbed; and she was turning her attentions to the other end, when she started at Tony's voice outside,— "Why, what on airth," said he, "can't ye make a fire in that chimbley where Norton used to bide, if you're so wet as all that?" And she retreated in haste. At last, while the men were occupied in dragging in

the wood and turf, she took her chance in despair, dug desperately again among the bricks, came at length upon the right one, and drew out from behind it a little dirty bag from its concealment, which she had only just time to hide when she was called on imperiously to "get them a light" by the men, and she replaced the brick only just as they came in.

"Bless us, child, why, what's come over ye? What's the matter now ye looks so flustered? Has any o' them men been a speakin' to ye? I'll tell ye what: ye must just be making out going home to yer friends," said Mrs. Tony, as Lettice in a breathless state came back into the kitchen. "Ye must send word as they're to fetch ye. This isn't the place for ye."

"But what if father should come back and want me?" replied Lettice, anxiously, thinking of the bag.

"Lawk-a-daisy, child, how should he come back, I wonder? Why, they'd up and take him like nothing. *He'll* never not come nigh the place. And ye see there isn't vittle for ye here, nor nothing; and you'd be much best out of the way, wi' all these men about. Tony shall drive ye 'cross country: he can borrow his brother's cart, and yer uncle can meet ye at 'The Bugle,' if you write to 'um."

"He'll scarce get it in time," said Lettice. "The letters don't come most whiles but when they're fetched."

"If he ain't there, Tony must just go on wi' ye home."

"Don't ye think Mary'd take me in till I see a bit about father?" insisted the girl.

"She might or she mightn't—I can't say; but ye didn't ought to ask her. You're yer father's child, and all folk knows it now. What a detriment that 'ud be to Jesse pilot, as has allays took such pains for to kip his hands clean o' such-like. And who'll ever be our mainstay now but on'y he? If I might be so bold, sir," said she, turning to the doctor, who had just come in, "as to ask you write for us, as we are in a strait along o' the child, as ought by rights to be sent home away from here. She's 'Red Jack's' girl, she is."

There is no class out of whom so much work, unpaid and unthanked, is got by the community as a country doctor. His time, himself, and all that is his, is supposed to be the property of the public; and it is wonderful how ungrudgingly it is given. The surgeon looked up, under his grizzled eyebrows, at the girl's face as she stood beside him. "So that's Red Jack's daughter, is she? I shouldn't have thought it. Well, she'll be better at home—if she's got one—than knocking about here, that's very certain, now her father's gone: so I don't care if I do." And Lettice's fate was sealed.

Towards evening the rain and wind lulled, and Mary appeared at the door of the house.

"There's nobody strange mustn't come in here," cried one of the men rudely.

"It's the pilot Edney's wife," said the other, a coastguard who was of the countryside. "She's a rare 'un to nuss she is, and she've the beautifullest patience ever I see with the sick 'uns; there was a little lad o' ourn as would niver ha' got through the measles if it hadn' been along o' she."

And upon these testimonials Mary was allowed to come in. She busied herself at first about poor Dixon, and her very touch and manner seemed to set Sally's clumsy contrivances right; so that he looked up relieved. "My head did drub finely afore yer came in; and she clums so, as she gallies me to come nigh the wound," said he, with a sigh.

At last Mary was able to get a word with the girl alone, in the little room behind.

"I didn't ought to ha' urged thee so, dearie, t'other day," were her first words as she sat down on the little truckle-bed which nearly filled the room, while Lettice took the place of a pan of water which stood upon her box, and was pretty nearly the only other furniture. "Sure, yer couldn't help it all anyhow; but I were just mad to think as yon poor lad were flinging his life away like that, and I catched like at the first twig I thought on."

Lettice kissed her gratefully, but was silent.

"So you're going back agin to yer own people," said Mary, thoughtfully. "Well, 'tis clear as day that's the on'y place for ye now, an ye have the leuth (shelter) of a home for to go to. It wouldn't do not for you to stop here any longer. But you'll be a sore miss for me, with yer little ways and yer little face, and who knows when ever we shall meet again? And me as thought maybe Caleb might ha' won upon ye to stop with us for good and all; but it weren't to be, yer see, and we can't go agin what's set down up there, ye know; that's what Jesse says. But what wi' prevenent grace and pedestration, and all them things, why, I'm quite muzzed by times, I am," she said, a little irritably. "But there I knows 'tis all right," added she, taking fast hold of Lettice as if she could not bear to part with her, in spite of this decree of the destinies and Jesse.

"I wonder when we shall hear o' thy father and them all? There, Jesse he couldn't kip away yesterday, but come home to know how it had all gone with Caleb. He were a wrestling in prayer for him pretty nigh the best part all last night after we heerd he was took, that it might be made a blessing to his soul. But I could ha' wished as it had been God A'mighty's pleasure he should save his soul, like outside in the world as 'twere," she said, with a sort of impatient sadness. "He were ever so litsome (cheerful) in his mind, and so lissom in his body, as 'twill be hard lines for a free 'un like he to be scrowdged up inside walls wi' a lot o' mean men as has done wrong. Jesse used to laugh and say Caleb in the Scriptur, were a stout young fellow, and a true and brave 'un, too; and so were this 'un, likewise."

"I've got a little bag o' money o' my father's," said Lettice, writhing under these painful reminiscences, partly to turn the subject, and partly because Mary was a strong box to whom anything confided was sacred and secure. "Whatever shall I do wi' it? Shall I gi'e it to ye to take care on? Won't he most like have to come down to the Chine some time afore long?"

"I'll take it and welcome, child; but I don't know whether he ain't more likelier to ha' dealings now t'other side country: he'll think as ye have it wi' you, and order hisself to get it accordingly." And so the little bag remained behind.

"They say that Caleb went off in the lugger after all. I wonder where they are by now?" continued Mary, with a sigh, as they came out together at an outery from Sally.

"I wish you'd come here a bit, Mary," complained she. "He's hollerin' after ye like anything is that Dixon. I can't do aught to pleasure him, he's so fractious; and he's that contrairy wi' his physic as he's like them razor-fish, which the more you pulls 'um the more they won't come."

"Hasn't there nought been heard o' Red Jack yet?" asked Dixon, as they came in; and Mary once more "soothed and smoothed" the sick man.

"No, and I wonder, too," answered one of the men, who was drying his clothes by the fire. "I thought as that Ned Wynyate would ha' cotch hold on him afore now. He's like a bulldog he is: once he gits a thing in his eye, he do hold on he do."

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## Chirping Crickets.

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I WENT the other night to see a play called *Dot*, in which a beneficent cricket chirping on the hearth brings a kindly warmth to the very hearts of the people assembled round it. The poor, ill-used husband, sitting all night staring at the empty grate, softens and kindles under the influence of this beneficent cricket. The sceptical young sailor tears off his disguise; the narrow-minded taskmaster, after a short experience of the chirpings of this friendly insect, becomes generous, charitable, and begins to pay the most marked attentions to the poor toymaker's daughter. Then, lo, and behold! the fireplace opens, and a glowing apparition comes down the chimney, and the beaming spirit of the hearth is revealed to the spectators, who laugh kindly, and clap applause.

As we all know, it is not only at the play the spirits of the hearth appear. In the darkness of these long winter evenings their lights gleam, and their voices echo cheerfully through the old houses. Newport Refuge (my text for to-day) is alight; other hearths are kindling. There is an old house near the river with red wings, and a stately roof, and diamond panes, where I saw a real spirit on the hearth the other night; only it was more beautiful and shining even than the crowned lady at the play,—a tall spirit in robes of green, lighted by stars, twinkling crimson and golden; a spirit Briareus-like, with outstretched arms, and beautiful gifts hanging from them, and glittering flags and wreaths. All round about it stood a crowd of wistful little babies, with big round eyes, in which this wonderful shining was reflected. Only one night in all the year does this lovely wonderful spirit appear to the little patients at Gough House Hospital—poor tiny aching creatures with wounds, and pains, and plagues innumerable. Their little pale faces may be seen peeping out of the narrow windows of the old house—at the people passing by, at the men at work in the wood-yard, at the boats sailing along the river hard by. Other little children who are well come, nod to them, and play upon the old steps leading up to the ancient doorway, over which “Victoria Hospital for Children” is written up in big letters, for those who run to read.

In this community, which the lady in charge kindly gave me leave to explore for myself, there are about thirty little children. The first room into which I wandered belonged to eight babies, who are put to bed about six o'clock, in cradles all round the room. In each cradle lies a silent, abstracted, blinking heap; one nurse and a little helpful patient are tucking them all busily away. There was not a dissentient voice among them. Home babies shout, kick, shake the house with their indignant

voices. But these infants were all good, all going to sleep, clutching their prizes and tiny dolls and clenched fists behind their little chintz curtains.

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In the older wards the children were gathered round the tall fender in the firelight, chattering to one another, the little blind boy lying flat on the floor, the little white wan girl in her nightcap sitting in a tiny wicker-chair, so still, so touchingly tranquil, that it gave one a pang to see. A sweet-faced rosy little maiden, with great brown eyes, is lying paralyzed on her back in her crib.

"I don't want to go home," said one little fellow, who had come from his back-kitchen home to be cured and dipped in these healing waters. "I likes being here best."

"I'm going home," said the little blind boy, kicking on the floor. "I'm going home to-morrow,—I am."

"He is always saying that," laughed the other children.

"I have been here—oh, a very long time," said a tall boy called Georgy; "oh, a long time; but I don't remember. I have been here six weeks, I think."

"He has been here the longest," said the little children, wagging their heads; "longer nor any one."

"Do you like this better than school, David?" I asked one of them.

David nods and nods. "Ye-es, ma'am," says he. All the little children laugh.

"He don't want to go home," says a little girl sitting up in her crib.

They are very happy, poor little souls! and it is not while they are in the hospital that one is sorry for them. The lady who has charge of them all says the hardest part is sending them away; but others are waiting and they must go in turn. She amused me by describing their bewilderment sometimes when they come, at the sight of the baths and the water provided. They have never even heard of such things at home, and cannot make them out. Their complaints are, many of them, caused by sheer neglect and want of cleanliness; and yet, how can it be helped? A man came to the hospital the other day; he had eight children, no work, a wife sick in a hospital, and one child very ill at home. David is one of seven in a dark kitchen, where he lives with a mangle, a sick father, a thriftless mother. What chance have the poor little children? The mangle cannot do everything. It is only a mangle, and it could not feed and clothe nine people, though it went on of its own accord turning from one year's end to another.

"It is not only that the children are generally cured when they come here," said Miss S——, "but they learn things which they never forget. They are taught little prayers; they get notions of order and cleanliness. One little girl said she should go home and teach the others all she had learnt. She came from a miserable place, poor little thing. One would be glad to think that any good influences might follow the children after they have left us."

For the first time they hear of something besides the squalid commonplaces of their daily lives. This hospital is doing true and good work in its district: one can only hope that others in their places may rise up, and that there may be more and more kind teaching and comfort in store for all poor little children, and more and more kind hands to succour them, and friendly roofs to shelter them from the blast.

The ladies who superintend the children's hospital are trying an experiment just now. They want to establish a fever cottage somewhere in the country, to which they may send the poor little patients who cannot of necessity be let into their wards.

Every one knows the Great Parent Hospital, in Ormond street. Yesterday I heard some one speaking of a little off-shoot in Queen's Square, founded by two ladies who take in children afflicted with hip disease, an illness so tedious and so long that the other hospitals are obliged to refuse them admittance. In town and country villages, and seaside places, people are at work, and sisters of charity of one sort or another (for it is not the quilled cap which makes the difference) are nursing and tending their little patients, stirred by the same gentle, natural impulse, which makes real mothers love their little ones with an anxious pain and love and fear, in which some women find the greatest happiness which this world can bestow. At Brighton there is more than one little home for sick children. One specially in Montpellier Road, for little convalescents, where the care is so wise and tender, that people who, like myself, go to see, come away with a real friendship and love for the little place.

If some mighty spirit were to give us the gift of seeing into the lives of the people who are passing like ourselves through the slush and mud and dim vapours of a London winter, we might well be scared, we middle respectable classes, hurrying along from one comfortable firelit world to another,—worlds closed in by curtains and shutters, warmed by fires and carpets, steaming with the flavour of good things. We go out into the streets, and hurry back again to our snug paradises, where white-robed hours are singing and playing upon grand pianos with golden strings, where ministering butlers and waiters and parlour-maids are pouring claret into thin glasses that sparkle, where tables are spread à la Russe with fruit and with flowers, and the faithful are feasting in companies of six, eight, and ten at this season of the year. As they feast they are reclining upon seats of mahogany and rosewood, and discoursing of past and future deeds. Shining is the broadcloth, spotless the white linen; veils and crowns are set on the heads of the matrons, and wreaths lie on the maidens' heavy tresses that are platted and stained to gold; and soft words are uttered; and smoking viands pass round between the pauses of the conversation. But, speaking seriously, it seems almost impossible to some of us, living in a certain fashion, to realize the state of mind in which certain other people alongside are existing,—people whose chief possessions are a few rags perhaps, a body to hunger and weary

with, aching feet to tramp along the pavement, the fierce winds blowing at the corners, the gusts of rain, and the piled-up mud in the streets. The wet railings to lean against are theirs too, a kerbstone perhaps to rest upon, and the bitter fruits of the knowledge of hunger, of patience, of utter weariness, of the length of the night.

"I daresay you don't know what it is to walk about all night long," a woman said to me one day not long ago; and her eyes filled up with tears as she spoke quietly in a sort of whisper. "I walked about three nights this week," she said, "till a person I met took pity on me, and let me into her room. She was only a poor woman; not a lady," the woman said. "She told me to come here." "Here," was the women's ward in the Newport Market Refuge, a long room, with slender iron pillars, and a double row of narrow beds on either side of the middle passage. The beds were wooden frames stretched with sacking, and fastened to the wall. By each bed a woman was standing, waiting while some one at the far end of the room was busily preparing bowls of hot coffee and dividing hunches of white bread. One or two of the women looked scared and sad; but not all. Till this person spoke to me, I should never have guessed how the week had passed for her nor what straits she was in. I had even wondered to see her there, for her appearance was decent and respectable, and her face looked quiet and cheerful; only when she answered me, her eyes filled with tears, and her voice failed. This was the only woman to whom I spoke; but I suppose there were some thirty of them in the long room, who had just been let in out of the rain.

I had come a long way, and the horse had struggled and stumbled through the black, twinkling mud, for it was dark and wet with rain this London winter's evening; dim crowds were flitting and hurrying along shadowy pavements that all the flaming gas-becks in the shop-fronts were not enough to lighten,—no sky overhead, no tops to the houses, but a dense Christmas vapour dripping upon the heads of the passers-by. We turned from gas to utter blackness, out of the long street which had put me in mind of some foreign street for odd stores, tobacco, bird-cages, jewellery-shops; and then we jolted into dark and lonely places where no lights were shining, and no one passed. The cab stopped, and the man asked me which was the way to go. A small shrill ghost appearing in a doorway, and hearing us talk of the Newport Refuge, screamed out to us to "go ba-ack, turn to the roight, and then to the lef agin;" and then, in another gloom, the stumbling horse stopped once more, and the driver opened the door of the cab. The rain was beginning to cease, but the drops still dripped as I stood in the middle of a muddy sheet, to which I could see no shore. As well as I could make out, we were in a narrow sort of court-passage, opening into a wider court, with tall tenements enclosing it. One or two people were standing round about something that looked like a big barn-door, half-open. "In there, missus," said a man with a pipe; and so out of the darkness I stumbled through the barn-door.

I was a little bewildered after my long drive by what seemed at first a dazzle of light, a din of voices, a sudden strumming of distant music. . . . I think I went up some steps. I saw a staircase, a passage, in which was a lighted window, and a man's face looking out over some books. A woman was standing in the window, a great round clock was ticking, and its hands were pointing to ten minutes past five. I asked the porter if this was the Refuge, and if the people were all in for the night? Yes, they were all come; some sixty of them, out of the street. "We let them in early to-night," said the man at the window, "because of the rain."

I myself was glad enough to get under shelter. I don't know how I should have felt if I had been walking about all day and all the night before, and all the day before that, and the night before that again, in the slough without, as some of the people had done who were just admitted. If I had come to ask for a night's lodging, the man at the window would have asked me my name, what I worked at, where I slept the night before. The other woman standing beside me said she made envelopes, had been turned off some weeks, meant to go to this place and that in the morning to ask for work; had tried all day long, and all the shops, and didn't know what she should do.

"There is no reason why you should not find employment," said the man at the window. "People write as many letters in winter as in summer. You should ask at the manufactories instead of going to the shops. There is a man here to-night who had given up asking in despair. I sent him to Messrs. —, and he got work immediately. You can go up."

One of the committee, who had come in with a dripping umbrella, asked if the woman had ever been there before?

"No," she said, anxiously. "Mrs. So-and-so in the court had took her in last night, and the neighbours told her to come."

The porter nodded, and at this sign of Watchful's the poor Christiana, nothing loth, trudged up to her supper by the wooden stairs that led to the women's dormitories. It was a very simple affair, soon settled, and the man shut up his book for the night, for the people were all in. There they were, two long lines of names all the way down the page.

I followed Mr. C. through the men's ward, which was on the ground-floor. It was like the women's ward, more beds, more suppers preparing, and more weary folks waiting to eat, and rest a little while, before they started again on their rounds. I followed my friend quickly down this middle passage, for the many eyes fixed upon us made us glad to escape. I was surprised by the respectable self-respecting look of most of the refugees. They did not look like people often look in workhouses, with that peculiar half-hopeless, half-cunning face, which is so miserable to see. There were some workmen and others, shabbily dressed, but still respectable, and looking like shopmen or clerks or servants out of place. One boy, I remember, glanced up with a bright handsome Lord Byron face as we passed, and I also carried away the vision of a melancholy old man with a ragged beard, sitting staring before him, with his hands on his

knees. After we left the ward, Mr. C. began telling me something of the people who came to it. They were of all trades and callings: clergymen, officers, schoolmasters, a well-known radical reformer, a billiard-marker, a surgeon. In last year's list I see fifty-one tailors and sixteen waiters were admitted. They come in for a night or two, or stay on longer if there seems any reason for it, or chance of employment. To some of us it may seem sad to read that no less than sixty-five soldiers took refuge in the ward last year, and that no other calling has sent so many applicants for relief. "Of all who come," said Watchful, "they are the most difficult to provide for. We got one a situation in a county gaol the other day; but it is not always that we can help them." Men of war, mulcted of their arms, discharged before they have served their time, knowing no trade, sick, helpless. It seems a hard fate enough. I heard of some poor invalided fellows coming back from India the other day, discharged, in high spirits at the prospect of getting away and seeing their friends and homes again. "Good-by, you Asiatics!" one of them shouted, waving his cap, as the train set off. The farewells are cheerful perhaps, but the welcomes awaiting these poor men at their journeys' end are not cheering to contemplate. Some of these soldiers are discharged for bad conduct, but others have sad stories to tell. I could not help wondering the other night, as I talked to my guide, who there was among the men of peace ready to fight their battles.

Here, in the Newport Refuge, many get helped, one way and another. Trouble and time are given ungrudgingly by the committee, by the people upon the establishment, and by the kindest of sisters, in her nice grey dress and white cap. This lady is in charge of the women's department. She sits in her quaint dark room, leading out of the women's sleeping-ward, with its glass doors opening every instant to admit one or other person,—application, complaint, inquiry, petition. The women come, the boys come, the committee comes, and its wives and stray outsiders like myself; but there is a method in all these comings and goings, a meaning and an unaffected kindness and good-fellowship that impress one irresistibly. The sister told me to go and see the boys' refuge, and the kitchen, where all the suppers were preparing. It was a large kitchen on the ground-floor, with cocoa-nut matting and generous-looking pans and coppers, and a white cook watching the coffee-pots that were just beginning to boil.

The Newport Refuge not only takes in people to sleep for the night, and cooks their supper for them, but there are also some small folks whom it keeps altogether,—certain homeless boys, who live in the old house, and who are taught and fed, and finally started in life from this curious busy hive of a home. We went wandering among the dark passages of this ancient high-roofed barn this foggy, flaring, winter's night. A painter dealing in lights and sudden glooms might have found more than one subject for his art. Through an open door I caught sight of a little



group of tailors at work. They were in a long low play-room, where I have been amused to see the boys darting about in the twilight like imps at play, shouting, galloping, gambolling. Now the little imps were hard at work in a bright corner of the dark room, squatting cross-legged in a circle on the floor, round a tall lamp, and demurely stitching at the rents and patches in their various garments. Grey walls, grey boys, with their little brown faces, a black master; strongly-marked shadows and lights, a red handkerchief tied round a boy's neck,—it does not take much to make up a harmonious picture. The little fellows were unconscious of pictorial effect as they sat cobbling and mending a few of the tears and tatters that exist in this seam-ripped world. The triumph of the tailors was a grand pair of trousers that one of the little fellows had achieved, with all the buttons gleaming brass. The conqueror himself, I believe, was despatched to fetch the garment, which was displayed before us,—the banner of the industrious little phalanx at our feet. The master tailor and the committee-man had a little talk together, while I watched the boys' youthful fingers sticking in stitches with much application, but some uncertainty. So-and-so was to be apprenticed, such an one had sent a good account of himself, another wanted to give up tailoring altogether; and when the little consultation was over we left the tailors, and climbed a winding stair. It seemed to lead us into the kingdom of boys. A cheerful jingle of sounds, scrapings, boyish voices, met us from above, from below; small clumping steps and echoes; boys flying up and down, disappearing through doors. In one room, by the light of a blazing fire, a number of little fellows were trolling out a Christmas hymn, at the pitch of their childish voices. In the intervals of this hymn came a brilliant accompaniment from above of I don't know what trumpets, trombones, flutes, executing some martial measure. The two strains went on quite independently of each other, and making noise enough, each in its own place, to deafen the auditors and drown every other sound.

One of the choristers was pointed to by the umbrella, and beckoned off to come and show us the sleeping-ward, where the boys each possess a box, a suit of Sunday-clothes, a bed, a grey blanket, and a red one, and a nice little pair of sheets, all doubled up like a roly-poly pudding, neatly cut through the middle.

The young chorister proceeded to make his bed very nicely and expeditiously. While he was accomplishing this little task, I saw the grand pair of trousers being carefully put away in the box of their fortunate possessor.

Upstairs, in a sort of loft, where the bandmen were practising, while the master beat time energetically, the little musicians puffed and blew at enormous instruments, by the music on the stands before them. The little fellows seemed to me like all the champions of Christendom manfully struggling with vomiting monsters and yawning dragons. One boy was solemnly puffing away at an ophicleide quite as big as he was, with an enormous proboscis that seemed ready to gobble him up each time it

advanced; others gallantly grasped writhing brass serpents: a rosy-cheeked infant was playing on the flute, a boy on a bench was reading a song-book, a charwoman was scrubbing the floor. The sister, in her quaint grey gown, came up the stairs, and stood smiling at the overflowing music, and beckoning to us: for we could not hear her speak in the din of their youthful lungs and violent trumpets and trombones. The sister wanted us to come to the shoemakers, before they left off work.

So we left the musicians playing their triumphant march. Well may they play it, fortunate little musicians, rescued from the darkness without, where no stars are shining, and monsters, not harmless and tameable like these, are wandering ready to make a prey of children, and weakness, and helpless things, vainly struggling against the dark and deadly powers of ignorance and want.

The little shoemakers were finishing for the day. They lived at the other end of the building in a cell all to themselves. There was a kind eager young master to direct them; there were more gas-becks, more lights and shadows, brown-faced boys, drills and lasts, very thick little boots on the floor, with nails, drills and shapes, and abundant energy. The sister laughed, seeing the little fellows' desperate efforts. "Look at Carter," she said, "how hard he is working." Carter grinned, but did not look up, and tugged away at his leather thongs more vigorously than ever. They offered to make me a pair of shoes. They had made some for the sister already. This very day a friend has consented to be measured for a pair of hobnailed boots. As we were finding our way downstairs back to the sister's room again, we began to meet trays of food, like trays in a pantomime, coming up apparently of their own accord. "Go down, trays," cried the sister, and the slices of bread, the mugs, &c. began slowly to descend again.

The sister told me that the little bandsman I had seen with the flute was the son of a soldier at the Cape, who had brought him to the Home before he left, and who regularly paid for him out of his earnings, and wished that he should be brought up a bandsman. Some children are drafted on to other institutions; some are apprenticed. Grown-up people are helped one way and another. I heard of a cook who had no clothes, but who knew of work. This man was given clothes, and allowed to live there long enough to save a few shillings out of his wages, so as to redeem his things and set up in a lodging for himself. The report tells of newspaper editors and musicians helped on to work. Servants come in great straits, and they, too, are assisted.

I have not space to set down all the ways and means, and people, and wants, and supplies, that are brought together here.

It is pleasant to come away from these refuges and hospitals with a remembrance of children's laughter in the twilight, and voices at play, of troubles quieted, of the sick and wounded made whole, of a divine light of hope and love shining upon the arid and blighted vineyard, and the weary or failing labourers at work among the vines.

## Reine d'Amour :

## ROMANCE À LA BIEN-AIMÉE.



CLOSE as the stars along the sky  
 The flowers were in the mead,  
 The purple heart, and golden eye,  
 And crimson-flaming weed :—  
 And each one sigh'd as I went by  
 And touch'd my garment green,  
 And bade me wear her on my heart  
 And take her for my Queen  
 Of Love,—  
 And take her for my Queen.

And one in virgin white was drest  
 With downcast gracious head ;  
 And one unveil'd a burning breast  
 Mid smiles of rosy red :  
 All rainbow bright, with laughter light,  
 They flicker'd o'er the green,  
 Each whispering I should pluck her there  
 And take her as my Queen  
 Of Love,—  
 And take her as my Queen.

But sudden at my feet look'd up  
 A little star-like thing,  
 Pure odour in pure perfect cup,  
 That made my bosom sing.  
 'Twas not for size, nor gorgeous dyes,  
 But her own self, I ween,  
 Her own sweet self, that bade me stoop  
 And take her for my Queen  
 Of Love,—  
 And take her for my Queen.

Now all day long and every day  
 Her beauty on me grows,  
 And holds with stronger sweeter sway  
 Than lily or than rose ;  
 And this one star outshines by far  
 All in the meadow green ;—  
 And so I wear her on my heart  
 And take her for my Queen  
 Of Love,—  
 And take her for my Queen.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

## The Story of Vittoria Accoramboni.

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DURING the pontificate of Gregory XIII. (1572—1585) the Papal See reached the lowest point of degradation. Art and learning had become extinct in Rome. The splendid days of Leo and Julius were forgotten. It seemed as if the spirits of the Renaissance had deserted Italy for Germany; all the powers of the Papacy were directed to the suppression of heresies, and to the re-establishment of its supremacy over the intellect of Europe. Meanwhile society in Rome had returned to mediæval barbarism. The brief polish of classical manners and pagan splendour, beneath which the depraved and godless cruelty of the Roman nobles had been hidden, was worn off. The Holy City became a den of bandits; the territory of the Church supplied a battle-ground for perpetual party strifes, which the weak old man who wore the triple crown was utterly unable to control. It is related how a robber chieftain, Marianazzo, refused the offer of a general pardon from the Pope by pleading that the profession of a bandit was more lucrative, and afforded greater security, than life within the walls of Rome. The Campagna, and the ruined citadels about the basements of the Sabine and Ciminian hills, harboured multitudes of robbers, who were protected by great nobles for the advantages which they derived from the assistance of abandoned and courageous bravos. There was hardly a family in Rome which could not number some black sheep among the bandits. Murder, sacrilege, the love of plunder and adventures, poverty, and hostility to the ascendant faction in the city, were common causes of outlawry, nor did public opinion regard a bandit's life as anything but honourable.

It may readily be imagined that in such a state of things the wildest tragedies were common enough in Rome. The history of some of these has been preserved to us. That of the Cenci is well known. And such a tragedy, more rife in characteristic incidents, although less horrible, is that of Vittoria Accoramboni, or Accorambuona, or Corombona—for her name is variously written.

Vittoria Accoramboni was born of a noble but impoverished family at Agubio in the Duchy of Urbino. The old chroniclers are rapturous in their praise of her beauty, grace, and exceeding charm of manner. Not only was her person most lovely, but her mind reflected all the virtues of a modest, innocent, and winning youth. She exercised an irresistible influence over all who saw her, and many were the offers of marriage she refused. At length a suitor appeared whose condition and connections with the Roman ecclesiastical aristocracy rendered him most acceptable in the eyes of the Accoramboni. They greeted him with joy, and gave him

Vittoria for his bride. Felice Peretti was the name of the successful suitor. His mother, Camilla, was sister to Felice, Cardinal of Montalto, afterwards Pope Sixtus V. The Peretti were of humble origin. The Cardinal himself had tended swine as a boy in his native village of Fermo; but, supported by an invincible belief in his own destinies, and gifted with a powerful intellect and determined character, he had passed through all grades of the Franciscan order to its Generalship; had received the bishoprics of Fermo and St. Agatha; and lastly, in the year 1570, had assumed the title of Cardinal Montalto. He was now on the highway to the Papacy, amassing money by incessant care, studying the humours of surrounding factions, and by mixing but little in the intrigues of the Papal court, winning for himself the reputation of an inoffensive old man. Thus he hoped to creep into the throne; nor were his expectations frustrated, for in 1585 he was elected Pope, the parties of the Medici and the Farnesi agreeing to accept him as a stop-gap and a compromise. When once firmly seated on St. Peter's chair, he showed himself in his true colours—an implacable administrator of severest justice, a rigorous economist, an iconoclastic foe of paganism. His stubborn genius combined the strange elements of force, narrowness, reforming ability, and contracted prejudices.

It was the nephew, then, of this man, who had abandoned his own name in compliment to the Cardinal his uncle, that Vittoria Corombona married. For a short time they lived happily together. Vittoria proved all that could be wished. She secured the favour of her powerful uncle-in-law, who doted on the charms of his engaging niece, and with her mother and her brothers she lived quietly in Rome, notorious for her wit and virtue no less than for her beauty. Of her four brothers Ottavio was in orders, and through the interest of Montalto, had obtained the see of Fossombrona: of Giulio we hear little: Flaminio shared his sister's fortunes, and perished with her at the end: Marcello was an outlaw for his crimes, and lived outside the walls among the bandits. Such was the family which gathered round Felice Peretti's house in Rome.

But matters did not long remain so. Vittoria's mother was ambitious, and the beautiful young wife, however fair to look upon, gracious in word, and gentle in address, was yet capable of executing in cold blood the most revolting crimes. A prince of the house of Orsini, Paolo Giordano, Duke of Bracciano, enslaved by her beauty, made her proposals of love; but Vittoria and her mother would not entertain his illicit suit. Prudent and ambitious, they refused his offers, unless he promised to make Vittoria his wife. Felice, it is true, was in the way, but if Bracciano only promised to place the ducal coronet upon Vittoria's head, that little matter might be easily arranged. Now Bracciano was a widower; he had been married to Isabella de' Medici, sister of the Grand Duke Francesco and the Cardinal Ferdinando. Suspicion of adultery had fallen on Isabella, and her husband, with the full concurrence of her brothers, had quietly disposed of her, whether by poison, or the halter, or the knife, we do not hear. At any rate, it was well known that the Duke of Bracciano had murdered

his wife, and no one thought the worse of him; for, strange to say, in those days of abandoned vice and intricate villany, certain points of honour were maintained with scrupulous fidelity. The suspicion of a wife's adultery to the most savage and brutal husband was enough to justify his semi-judicial vengeance, and the dishonour she had brought upon his house was shared by her brethren, so that they stood by, consenting to her death. Isabella left one son, Virginio, to her husband, who became the heir of Bracciano's dukedom. It shows the savage nature of the times that a man who had murdered his wife, the daughter of the most powerful house in Italy, for a point of honour, should seek a second wife in a woman who was ready to kill her own husband in order to secure his hand. Irresistible passions governed the Italians of that day, and small attention was paid to bloodshed.

But, meantime, how should poor Felice be entrapped? They caught him in a snare of peculiar atrocity, by working on the kindly feelings which his love for Vittoria had caused him to extend to all the Coromboni. Marcello, the outlaw, was her favourite brother, and Marcello, at that time, lay in hiding, and under the suspicion of some more than ordinary crime, beyond the walls of Rome. Late one evening, while the Peretti family were retiring to bed, and Felice himself was preparing for repose after a laborious day, a messenger from Marcello arrived, entreating him to repair as hastily and secretly as possible to Monte Cavallo. Marcello had some affairs of the greatest importance to communicate, and begged his dearly-loved brother-in-law not to fail him at a grievous pinch. To attire himself for the expedition was the work of an instant. Felice showed himself most eager to set forth and help Vittoria's Marcello. It was in vain that his wife and her mother reminded him of the darkness of the night, the loneliness of Monte Cavallo, its ruinous palaces and robber-haunted caves. In vain they begged him to defer his visit till the morning, or, at least, to take with him a body of armed followers. He refused their advice, and laughed at their fears. Perhaps, they did not press too warmly, and perhaps the tears Vittoria shed for her lord's safety were mingled with more touching lamentations over her brother's unknown danger. Anyhow, Felice went forth and never returned. His body was found on Monte Cavallo, stabbed through and through, without a trace that could identify his murderers. Suspicion fell on Vittoria and her kindred and the Duke of Bracciano; nor was this dissipated by the Coromboni taking refuge in the quarter of the Orsini, where Duke Bracciano harboured them. A Cardinal's nephew, even in those troublous times, was not killed without some noise being made about the matter. Accordingly, Pope Gregory began to take measures for discovering the authors of the crime. Strange to say, however, the Cardinal Montalto, notwithstanding the great love he bore his nephew, entreated Gregory to let the investigation drop. His extraordinary moderation and self-control, on this occasion, were noticed: it was thought that the man who could so tamely submit to his nephew's murder, and suspend the very arm of justice when already raised for vengeance, would prove a mild

and indulgent ruler. At the time, it was believed the Cardinal owed his elevation to the Papal chair in a great measure to this timely and judicious apathy. Meanwhile, Bracciano married Vittoria. But when Sixtus ascended the throne, the first thing he did was to vow revenge against the murderers of Felice, and to exterminate the bandits from his territory. His strenuous policy forced Bracciano to fly with the Coromboni family from Rome. There was no resisting the energetic justice and the thirst for vengeance which this stern old Pope—deemed falsely the most mild and pitiful of dotards—had displayed.

The Duke and Duchess reached Padua in safety, where they hired a splendid palace. At Venice also, and at Salò on the Lago di Garda, they provided themselves with fit dwellings for their princely state, and their large retinues, intending to divide their time between the pleasures which the capital of luxury afforded and the simpler enjoyments of the most beautiful of Italian lakes. But "*la gioja dei profani è un fumo passegger.*" Paolo Giordano Orsini, Duke of Bracciano, died suddenly at Salò on the 10th of November, 1585, leaving the young and beautiful, but guilty Vittoria helpless among enemies. What was the cause of his death? History does not give a clear and certain answer. The Duke had indeed suffered from a disease called *lupus* on account of its consuming and voracious destructiveness. But he was a strong man, in the prime of life. The Pope hated him, had vowed his death, and poisons were always at hand in Italy at that day. It is well known how Sixtus exterminated a whole band of robbers by driving mules laden with poisoned meat into their neighbourhood; nor can we doubt him capable of cutting off his deadly foe by means more sure and subtle than disease. Anyhow, Bracciano died suddenly, leaving large sums of money, jewels, goods, and houses to his wife Vittoria, whom indeed he seems to have loved dearly. His principedom and the honours of the Duchy of Bracciano he bequeathed to Virginio, his son by Isabella de' Medici. Vittoria, with her brothers Marcello and Flaminio, repaired at once to Padua, where they were met by Prince Luigi Orsini, the dead man's relative. High words ensued between the widow and the prince. He disputed Bracciano's will, and strove to wrest her jointure from Vittoria. She, however, was supported by her brothers. Then on the night of Sunday, December 23, forty men disguised in black and fantastically tricked out with wild devices to inspire horror, entered Vittoria's palace. Through the long galleries and loggias and chambers hung with arras they spread stealthily, trapped Vittoria and Flaminio, and slew them both: Marcello managed to escape. It is related that Vittoria was killed with circumstances of peculiar cruelty: the murderer pierced her left side with a stiletto and worked the weapon about, asking her if he had touched her heart.

All Padua at once was up in arms. Messengers were despatched to Venice, in order that the ministers of justice might be sent to apprehend so great a criminal as Prince Luigi. No one seems to have reflected on the crimes of Vittoria, or to have looked upon her death as a just retribution



for a husband's murder. On the contrary, they only thought about her youth and beauty, and cursed the villain who had cropped this flower of surpassing loveliness. Her wonderful dead body, pale yet sweet to look upon, its golden hair surrounded with the circlet of her dukedom, and its splendid limbs arrayed in satin, was laid out in the chapel of the Eremitani. There the people came to look at her. The grim gaunt frescoes of Mantegna watched her day and night as she lay stretched upon her bier, solemn and calm, and but for pallor, beautiful as if in life. Rage was in the heart of the Paduans. *Dentibus frembant*, says the chronicle, when they beheld the gracious lady stiff in death. Gathering in knots around the candelabra placed beside the corpse, they vowed vengeance against the Orsini. To fly to arms and storm his palace was their first impulse. But they did not find him unprepared; and engines, culverins, and fire-brands were directed to the palace doors and barricades. At last he yielded and was brought for trial to the court. "The Prince Luigi," says the chronicle, "walked attired in brown, his poignard at his side, and his cloak elegantly slung upon his arm. The poignard being taken from him, he leaned upon a balcony and began to trim his nails with a pair of little scissors which he found there." On St. Stephen's day following he was strangled in prison, and his body was laid out in state in the Cathedral of Padua. After that they carried it for burial to Venice. That was a bloody Christmas. Thirteen of his followers were hung next day. Two were quartered while still living, one of these named Paganello, who had slain Vittoria, having his left side probed with his own cruel dagger. Nineteen were hung after a few days: others were imprisoned; some were sent to the galleys; seven received their liberty. Thus ended this terrible affair, which made a noise throughout the length and breadth of Italy because of Vittoria's exceeding beauty and her cruel death.

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NOTE.—This narrative is based upon the translation by Stendhal of the contemporary chronicle, the interest of which, to those who are familiar with Webster's celebrated tragedy, and who may be curious to see how he developed his materials, is critically great.

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### Browning in 1869.

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THAT there should be fashions in literature, modes and changing tastes, is one of the most constant and melancholy proofs of the imperfection of the human mind; nor is their succession less pleasing to contemplate if it be true, as we think it is, that these tides and fluctuations of favour are more frequent and violent in modern times than they were in times of old. The ancient love of art, the ancient perception of beauty and truth, must have been far more constant and positive as well as more diffused than it is in our own day. It may be that we moderns have found a new sense in a perception of the beautiful in nature, but we seem to have gained it at the cost of an almost unfailing recognition of truth in literature and the beautiful in art. We are confident in the one—consciously uncertain in the other. That they of old were blind to the grandeur and loveliness which we so clearly see, and with one accord adore, is a natural as well as a flattering surprise. But in the modern mind there have been two totally different sentiments about “the picturesque”—first, curiosity sinking into dread, and then what seems to be an inborn yearning and love; and though this last is an incalculable gain, we cannot boast that what is good and beautiful in the finer works of men is any clearer, surer, or more steadfast for it. Indeed, it is rather compensation than gain. We cannot understand that there should ever have been two minds about the alps and the sea, while about poetry, architecture, music, we have as many minds as modes in millinery. We do not change them a little, but completely. Always clear and positive, the differences of mode in what should be matter of fixed opinion are so great as to discredit in the eyes of one generation the very sanity of another. And this is true in England not only of arts for which we have no innate faculty, like painting, or that are supposably under the influence of historic change, like architecture; it is specially and remarkably true of poetry, for which the race has splendid gifts, a genius renewed generation after generation. A people which has produced so many poets, from Chaucer through the ballad-makers on to Shakspeare's time and ours, might fairly be presumed to have at last a sharp clear knowledge of what poetry is; and, whenever any particular poet presents his work, to be able to make its mind up once for all as to the value of it. That this is not our way how many examples show? Almost as many examples as poets to choose from. An age that is the mother of perfect beauty and strength exposes it on the hillside as an ungainly thing, for any chance traveller to cherish if he will, while she fondles a troop of manifest mediocrities:—manifest, that is, to the next age, which brings

the obscure genius to honour, and afterwards wonders at its own misguided taste in doing so. Taste, judgment, opinion,—it is as shifting as the clouds, as various as the skies; what it obscures to-day was always dark and unlovely, and that is only bright by nature which it shines upon now. The different judgment of whole generations upon Shakspeare's work is past all understanding. It is as if eyes did not always see, or as if black were sometimes white, and black again. But not to go back so far as Shakspeare, if we take the changes of estimate within the memory of man we find wonders enough, in prose and poetry alike. When it was first published, *Sartor Resartus* was generally understood to be great rubbish, and there are signs that prepare us for hearing it so called again. Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon*, published when he was an obscure magazine writer, was a full and perfect manifestation of his genius, and it remains, after all that was afterwards accomplished, one of his finest works; but it did nothing for his obscurity then, and not one in five of his admirers have read it to this day or seem to know its worth. But *Jack Sheppard*, that brilliant contemporary production!—nobody was blind to the genius in *Jack Sheppard*, written by one whom all the world recognized as Thackeray's master. However, we are dealing particularly with poetry now; and it is more to the purpose to cite Byron, Wordsworth, Southey, and the rest, and to recall to mind how various their fortunes have been in public favour. Now it has been one thing, and then quite another,—all within half a lifetime. "School" condemns "school," new taste dooms the old; the dead are alive, and that is formally interred which is to live for ever. What has become of Crabbe?—he used to be supposed to write very good tales in verse, and may be they are as good now as ever they were. When is Goldsmith to have due homage, whose "Traveller" and "Deserted Village" are poems sweet and fine? And if Alexander Smith was, as we must all recollect he was, the first heir of Shakspeare in 1854, how is it that he is now accounted a sort of poetical ranter, proper to be forgotten? However such questions may be answered, they only illustrate what we began with—the instability, the incapacity, the monstrous versatility of popular judgment in matters which are equally obvious at all times and of themselves can never change.

Now-a-days, just at this particular nick of time, we seem to be at the beginning of another variation in the general estimate of poets and poetry. It is not long ago that both were called and known to be "a drug." We confessed that we had overdosed ourselves—that we had taken too much poetry: Scott's, Moore's, Southey's, L. E. L.'s, Mr. Montgomery's, as well as the different pudding of Byron, Wordsworth, Keats, and Coleridge. Tennyson, at intervals of two or three years or so, we could, we *must* enjoy; nevertheless, poetry was a drug. The publishers, who know well the tastes of the public, got quite satirical about it, and the reviews never mentioned it without humour. Lately the taste has revived. The demand for novels slackens; and those who watch the market say that good average poets

are likely to command a ready sale for some time to come. It is welcome news, all the more that we can believe it; because not only is attention more readily given to the newer aspiration of the time, but there are signs of fresh turns of opinion and opposite currents of favour. Not that these are at all determinate: the needle trembles, but which way it is going to veer is uncertain yet. Mr. Swinburne's success may be significant of the coming mode, especially as he dazzles most the younger mind; though to our sight it is nothing more than the trembling of the needle, now more sensitive than usual to polar influence. Mr. Morris has elicited sympathies equally strong in a different direction; and he is a poet—another name which we may write at once in the noble roll of Englishmen of genius. And if we have reason to be glad of his rise and almost instant recognition by the world, we may mark, as another sign of new life in poetry, the rapid, the sudden advance of Robert Browning in public honour. True, he has advanced in his art much at the same time; but not quite coincidently, for a love of Browning, a taste for the olives of his verse, began to be more general *before* he came forward with that most perfect product of his genius, "Caliban on Setebos." This previous beginning of a taste amongst all people who read sufficed to open their minds to an immediate perception of what that one poem signified: neither more nor less than the possession of a mind which, once at least, could soar as high and see as deeply and as far as any mind that ever was, almost. The publication of the volume which contained this poem among other beautiful things, was thus very fortunate in point of time. "Pippa Passes," in which all Browning's genius is visible and much of it startlingly clear, did not suffice to bring for him the full daylight of general appreciation, nor did other poems equally fine as well as brief and easy to read—like "In a Gondola," and "The Last Flight of the Duchess." Unfortunately, there was an excuse for not knowing Browning's poems at all. You could say, with a creditable air of being critical and candid, that he was really too obscure for you; that the labour of reading him was too much. Indeed, among the other fashions of which we have spoken, it was not long ago the fashion to say that—whether you had read much or little of the poems you disposed of *à la mode*. You admitted, languidly, that there were fine things in them, and supposed that some people really could understand and enjoy them as a whole; but you, unhappily, were a plain mortal; you only got confused by riddles however ingenious, and bothered with barbarisms however splendid. This was for a long time the proper tone to take about Browning in "society"—that conscious but still potent sham, which is so very scornful of what it happens to think eccentric at any particular time. Not that this kind of criticism was quite without reason. That Browning is often very obscure—that he does march you along line after line in darkness, while he goes on with his See this, See that, as if it were broad daylight—is undeniable. It is also true that he is not very careful that your path

shall be made straight in the gloom, but drags you over verse rugged with many a sudden barbarous line, at which you *must* stumble. And these are so many distinct faults that must be counted against him. No doubt the obscure may be and is one of the most beautiful things in poetry. Without obscurity no poet can be nearly perfect; obscurity meaning such shade as best reveals violets in the woods, primroses under the bank, or the twilight that makes more splendid than any other one the morning star. But the obscurity from which start meanings bright as that star, and suggestions reflected as clearly into your mind as the first morning clouds, that is a different thing to downright darkness, pain to the eyes to peer into; and a good deal that Browning has written is dark in that way. Moreover, there is no excuse whatever for bad versification. A bad line is as much a flaw as a grain of sand in a pearl; and it is a flaw all the same whatever the beauty of the poem, the pearl, it has got into. There is no bad workmanship so bad as a poet's bad workmanship; and when it is the consequence of deliberate haste and carelessness, it almost amounts to a criminal offence against literature. Genius, like property, has its duties as well as its privileges; and one of its most obvious duties is to chasten and ennoble the language by which it lives, and not to make rough music of it, or to put its vulgarities to noble use. The poet's licence does not extend to liberties with grammar, nor freedom to clip the Queen's English at convenience. If charges of this kind were formally made against Browning, he would be condemned by an army of witnesses out of his books—witnesses lame, halt and blind by his own default. And nothing that he can do is atonement for such handiwork: they are committed sins of perpetual offence. Made known in the reviews and generally talked of, they have been cited against Browning by people whom they never offended, since they had never read him; but they were unanswerable by those who *had* read him, and thus the fashion of a time was continued. Browning was a genius—yes, but really too profound: he was too obscure and barbarous to be adopted as a taste. But, as we have already said, there presently appeared a little weariness of the old views, or a new generation came into possession of the popular voice and showed signs of choosing a "note" of its own. The praises of Browning were now proclaimed aloud where they were never heard before; and there arose a general timid whisper of his name as after all a man to swear by, *the* man possibly. Then it was—most opportunely—that he published the volume which contains "Caliban;" a poem of such manifest worth that the world must have been as dull and deaf as it had been on several previous occasions if it had not instantly known it for an immortal thing. As it happened, however, the world had become more curious and alert; and it took the new volume with pleased surprise. More reading of Browning and more praise of him after that. Recurrence to his previous works;—doubt, on reading "Sordello" again, whether it had not been the victim of gross joking,

and whether it might not really be understood after all;—wonder that anybody could ever have overlooked the force and beauty in the “Bells and Pomegranates” for instance;—more confident and outspoken opinion in college coteries, in “society” and elsewhere, as to the author’s merits; in short, a general upspringing of breezes blowing into the haven of popular favour. Well may we rejoice at it. This at least is not a change of fashion to marvel at or to deplore; and though Browning has had to wait a long time for the universal recognition which he always deserved, it is now pretty complete, and it does not come too late for him, since it finds him in the fulness of life and the plenitude of power. Just when his work is getting to be widely apprehended, and beginning to inspire a common delight, he is able to show that he has more to give than ever he gave before. *Dramatis Personæ* was published only a few months ago; and now we have another book, which, though it does not contain, so far as we know it, any particular piece of work like that which we have already praised, does throughout its whole bulk exhibit all the mastery of Browning’s natural genius. As we have already said, that mastery was visible almost in its entire range in “Pippa Passes,” published how many years ago? But in *The Ring and the Book* we have a far more magnificent demonstration of it than he has ever given us before. Everybody has heard by this time what the plan is of this wonderful story, and knows how original and how daring was the attempt. Had the poet’s invention been employed in devising some severest test of dramatic genius, had his first intention been to put his own faculties to the sharpest proof, he could scarcely have imagined a task more difficult than that which he began when he commenced to write *The Ring and the Book*. Here, from real life, is an imbroglio of contending circumstances, in which a husband more or less wronged appears; a young runaway wife, more or less an angel and a victim; a handsome young priest, who runs away with or (otherwise) rescues her; judges who condemn the pair to as much punishment as if they did not think them guilty; parents of the girl who did put upon the husband a deceit when they married her to him, though probably *she* did not deceive, in spite of appearances. These are the personages, with some vague hints of the circumstances, of this wonderful dramatic story, which culminates in the murder, by the husband, of the wife and of her true or reputed parents. Simply to relate the story, or to get at the truth of it through its stubborn contradictions, has not been the poet’s aim alone. What he does is to show how it may appear to half-a-dozen different minds. “Guido’s right and wrong, Pompilia’s wrong and right,” are in debate. First, we hear what half Rome makes of them, moved by sympathy for the wronged and exasperated husband; then, how to the other half Pompilia seemed a saint and martyr both; then how the “critical mind,” “the finer sense of the city,” dissertated on the case; next, how Guido Franceschini tells the tale fresh from torture; afterward, in what light it appeared when the young priest, Caponsacchi, went through the story



point by point before the judges ; then, how, on her deathbed, Pompilia endeavours to explain her life ; finally,—

How Guido, to another purpose quite,  
Speaks, and despairs, the last night of his life.

No such description as this, no description at all, is capable of conveying an adequate idea of the intricacies of fact, argument, and character through which the poet moves with the light of his genius, startling one after the other into life, casting one after the other into a doubtful existence of shadow. That faculty of Shakspeare's which justifies the epithet "divine" so freely applied to him—the faculty of looking all passions through and through with perfectly dispassionate eyes, and of dealing them here and there, each strictly after its kind, without an emotion—something of that supreme gift we discern in the intellectual candour displayed by Browning as he speaks with the mouth and mind of Guido, of Caponsacchi, of one half-Rome, the other half-Rome, and the gentleman of quality who expounds the *tertium quid*. It is noticeable, however, that we have a generally better *workmanship* when the poet speaks for those who are on the right side than when he speaks for those who are in the wrong. In mere ingenuity of reflection, inference, and argument he is splendidly impartial ; but still there is enough of sympathy for one side to give a little extra warmth and colour to the verse whenever he is speaking for it. This, however, detracts but little from the poet's claims to a share of the Shakspearian quality aforesaid. First, we have the subtlety which out of the records of a trial creates half-a-dozen several and distinct characters, each consistent with every fact and suspicion brought out by the trial. But this is obscured by the finer subtlety which shows the play of these several minds over the same facts, the same doubts and suspicions, the different magnitude and significance of the same injuries, temptations, provocations, rights and wrongs. It is useless, however, to attempt any definition of such subtleties, or to appraise in criticism what the critic cannot possibly present to view. We can only say that whereas the scheme of the poem obviously demanded dramatic faculties of a high order, if it was to be a tolerable picture of life, what Browning has made of it is more than a picture : it is a brilliant demonstration of the human mind, seen under many varieties by one searching light. But that the poem is faultless we by no means say. Though its greatness is almost wholly dramatic, there is an error in its construction which the dramatist last of all should make. It is not that the poet's own sentiments about the story and his sympathy with certain of its personages are to be detected in the workmanship, whereas they should never show at all, but that he begins by an open declaration of them ; says, to start with, that this is a villain and a liar whatever may appear in the course of the story, and that this other is at no moment to be mistaken for anything else than a suffering angel. She may run away with a young priest, and he may go off with her in the garb of a gay cavalier ; but we shall find that it is all nothing. Surely this is not good art ?



The dramatist should have no more judgment about the character he displays and the passion he depicts than nature herself who first created them. He should never play the commentator; still less should he take sides and explain his reasons for doing so before the play begins. True it is that in this case the dramatic skill of the poet is so great that, even after we are told who really is right and who wrong, we follow every turn of the story with suspense—holding now with Pompilia, now inclining to Guido, and generally viewing the priest much as the “finer sense of the city” did. Better testimony than this to the poet’s genius and fidelity can scarcely be imagined; nevertheless, that which supplies a triumphant test of his skill is itself a fault. Altogether, the introduction, which explains the story, and how it originated, and how it is to be dealt with, is the least excellent part of the book. Though all the rest of the work might lead us to hope that Browning had abandoned the indulgence of the careless writing, the obscurity, the clipt prosaic lines which unquestionably do derogate from much of his work, this preface shows that he has not done so. Sentences twenty-five lines long, and every fifth line parenthetical, are to be found there. Such liberties as—

A-smoke i’ the sunshine Rome lies gold and glad,

for “golden and glad,” are frequent, intolerable as they are. What would be thought of the prose which set forth that a city lay gold and glad? that certain prints exposed for sale in the highway were “saved by a stone from snowing broad the square?” We should call it unbearably bad English; and bad English in prose is worse in poetry. Haste or indifference leaves here, also, such torturing lines as—

Turned wrong to right—proved wolves sheep, and sheep wolves.

Haste or indifference spoils such passages as this:—

There stands he,

While the same grim black panelled chamber blinks,  
As though rubbed shiny with the sins of Rome,  
Told the same oak for ages.

In the same way (in page 57 of vol. i.), a lamp which is meant to light a dungeon, does, in grammatical truth, light the straw in it. Here, likewise, may be found too many instances of the fault of falling into superfluities, as in the description of the man of quality—

Who breathing musk from lacework and brocade,  
His solitaire amid the flow of frill,  
Powdered peruke on nose, and bag on back,  
And cane dependent on the ruffled wrist,  
Harangues in silvery and selectest phrase,  
’Neath sunlight in a glorified saloon,  
Where mirrors multiply the girandole;  
Courting the approbation of no mob,  
But Eminence This, and All-Illustrious That,—&c.

Here the last line but two is a fatal indulgence of the overmuch, spoiling a perfect little picture. Such faults as these are really serious faults, nor

are they such as are sometimes pardoned as inseparable from a particular style. They are glaring and remediable errors, made in haste and permitted by negligence. Mr. Browning knows perfectly well that in blank verse a line like—

An instance I find much insisted on

is not musical, and that

Rome lies gold and glad

is not grammatical; only he will not take the trouble to make that right which wrongs his verse. The wonder is that he should content himself with faulty writing whose mind has been cultivated as much by art as by literature, and for whom an antique gem or earthen cup has as much significance as a sonnet or a flower. The faculties by which he has delight in arts which, eloquent as they are, speak in no way but through exact proportion, grace of form, rhythm of colour and line, should have preserved him from the negligence which leaves his work marred in these very particulars of expression. This new book of itself shows that his workmanship can be as good as he chooses to make it. What flaws we have found are almost all in the prologue; they disappear before it ends in that most touching address to his wife in heaven. The four parts of the story itself, which is all we have read of it, are told in verse as clear and vigorous as any that ever came from the poet's pen; while, as for the subtlety, the insight, the light of genius which plays over the various incidents of the tragedy and the minds of those who were involved in it, they are the fullest and finest manifestations of Browning's power that have ever yet been made. In this poem we have a perfect survey of what was briefly though splendidly displayed in "Caliban on Setebos." What gives us additional pleasure in reading it is, that it is written so late. We share the poet's own pride in a genius which grows greater in his waning days, or shows more brightly as the fires of youth decline. This is not only his good fortune, but ours also; and it is a little remarkable that the same thing is true of both the great poets of our generation. Tennyson and Browning both face the downward slope—their backs are fairly turned to the hill now; and both have gained, in these later days, a greater power, while they display at least as fine and true a light. *Lucretius* is testimony for the one, *The Ring and the Book* is testimony for the other. Both men have many a year before them yet, in the natural course of life; and what each has done within these two years gives us the splendid promise of added honour to the age which they have already ennobled.

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